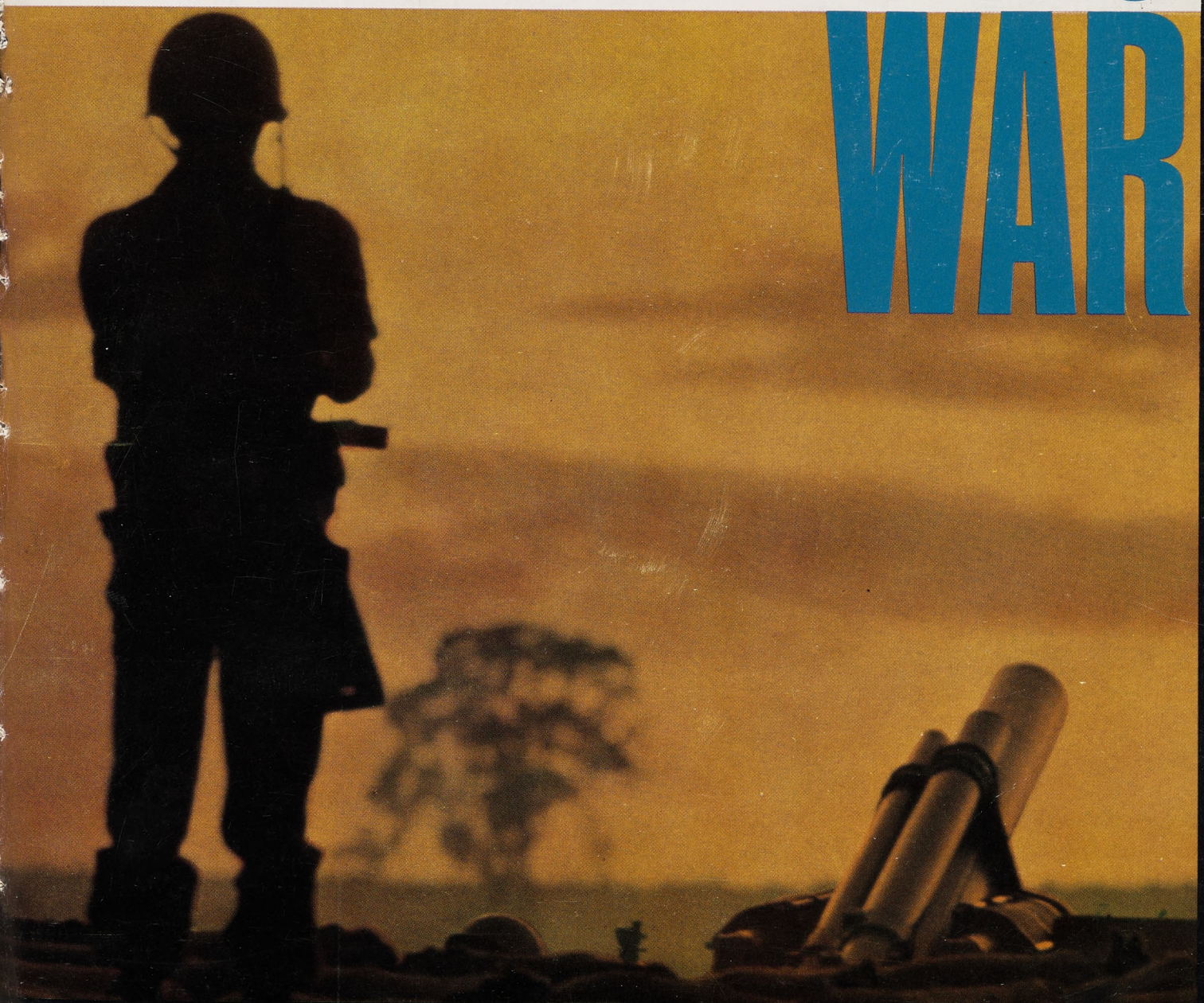
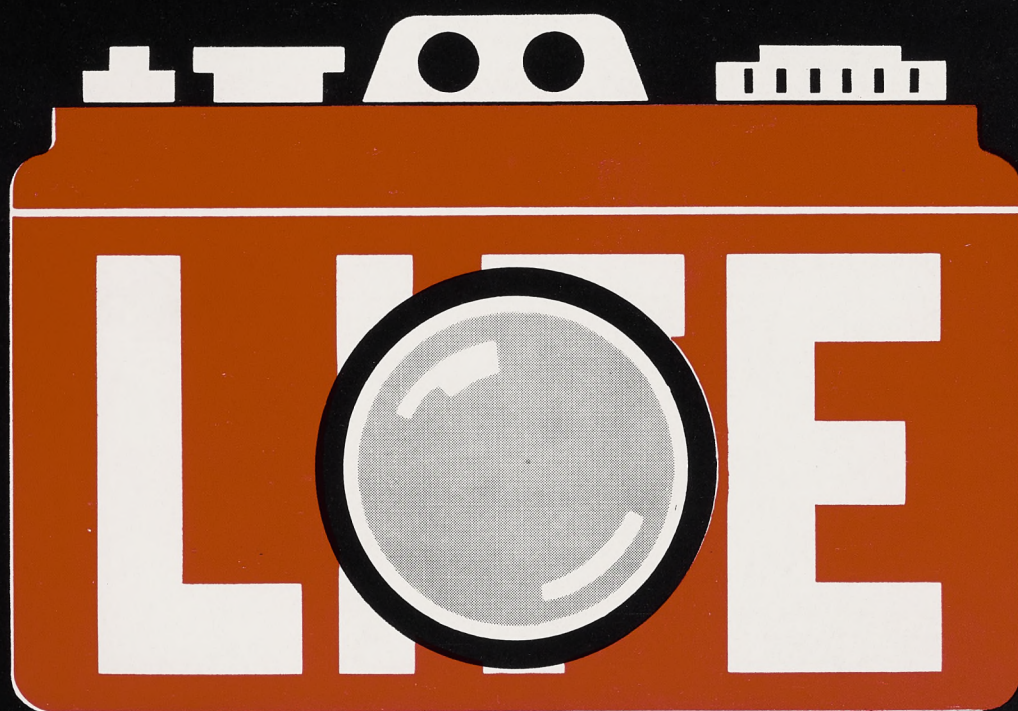


# DATELINE 1966 COVERING WAR

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA







**Completes the picture...**  
**every week.**



"...UP is neither a charity nor a philanthropy. It is a business concern and its members work for profit. But there is another motive which drives them quite as strongly. You can call it pride of profession or professional zest or enthusiasm or self-hypnosis. But whatever you call it, it is as common to the stock-holding executives as to the lunch-money copy-boy—it is indeed the strongest of the bonds that hold UP together. And what it boils down to, when the sentiment and the wisecracks are both skimmed off, is an actual and genuine love of the game.

"Unipressers are bound in an unusual *esprit de corps*, hard to define but nonetheless real. No doubt it has something to do with UP's fearless independence."

—Stephen Vincent Benét\*

Many things have changed since Mr. Benét wrote these words, but the underlying purpose and objectives of UPI have not. This fact helps explain the growth and leadership of UPI today.

\*Reprinted from the May, 1933 issue of Fortune magazine.



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the world, quality newspapers  
provide their readers with in-depth  
coverage of the world from**

**The New York Times  
News Service**



# DATELINE 1966

IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MEN AND WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS WHO DIED  
ON THE NEWS FRONTS OF THE WORLD IN THE SERVICE OF A FREE PRESS

WEBB MILLER London 1940  
RALPH BARNES Yugoslavia 1940  
ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON Hong Kong 1946  
WITT HANCOCK Java 1942  
HARRY L. PERCY Cairo 1942  
LEAH BURDETT Iran 1942  
MELVILLE JACOBY Australia 1942  
JACK SINGER Pacific 1942  
BYRON DARTON New Guinea 1942  
LEE E. C. BAGGETT, II Guadalcanal 1942  
EUGENE M. KEY Guadalcanal 1942  
E. HARRY CROCKETT Mediterranean 1943  
ROBERT P. POST Germany 1943  
FRANK J. CUHEL Lisbon 1943  
BEN ROBERTSON Lisbon 1943  
CARL THUSGAARD Madang 1943  
LUCIEN A. LABAUDT Assam 1943  
BRYDON TAVES New Guinea 1943  
WILLIAM STRINGER France 1944  
ROBERT W. STINSON South Pacific 1943  
RAYMOND CLAPPER Marshall Islands 1944  
FREDERICK FAUST Italy 1944  
TOM TREANOR France 1944  
WILLIAM T. SHENKEL Japan 1944  
BEDE IRVIN Normandy 1944  
HAROLD W. KULICK London 1944  
DAMIEN PARER Peleliu 1944  
DAVID LARDNER Germany 1944  
ASAHIEL BUSH Leyte 1944  
STANLEY GUNN Leyte 1944  
JOHN B. TERRY Leyte 1944  
JOHN J. ANDREW Far East 1944  
FRANK PRIST Leyte 1944  
JACK FRANKISH Belgium 1944

SOLOMON I. BLECHMAN Guam 1944  
JOHN BUSHEMI Eniwetok 1944  
GREGOR DUNCAN Anzio 1944  
ALFRED M. KOHN Southern France 1944  
RICHARD J. MURPHY, Jr. Saigon 1944  
PETER PARIS Normandy 1944  
ERNIE PYLE Ie Island 1945  
ROBERT BELLAIRE Japan 1945  
JOHN CASHMAN Okinawa 1945  
Wm. H. CHICKERING Philippines 1945  
JOSEPH MORTON Austria 1945  
FRED C. PAINTON Guam 1945  
HAROLD DENNY U.S.A. 1945  
JOHN BARBERIO Iwo Jima 1945  
ROBERT KRELL Germany 1945  
JAMES J. McELROY Iwo Jima 1945  
WILLIAM T. VESSEY Iwo Jima 1945  
GASTON MADRU Germany 1945  
WILLIAM PRICE Egypt 1946  
ALFRED KORNFELD Germany 1946  
DIXIE TIGHE Japan 1946  
PHILLIP A. ADLER Japan 1947  
GEORGE POLK Greece 1948  
JAMES BRANYAN Bombay 1949  
THOMAS A. FALCO Bombay 1949  
H. R. KNICKERBOCKER Bombay 1949  
JOHN WERKLEY Bombay 1949  
ELSIE DICK Bombay 1949  
FRED COLVIG Bombay 1949  
NAT A. BARROWS Bombay 1949  
GEORGE L. MOORAD Bombay 1949  
CHARLES GRATKE Bombay 1949  
WILLIAM H. NEWTON Bombay 1949  
S. BURTON HEATH Bombay 1949

VINCENT MAHONEY Bombay 1949  
BERTRAM D. HULEN Bombay 1949  
LYFORD MOORE Oslo 1950  
ROBERT DOYLE Indonesia 1950  
RAY RICHARDS Korea 1950  
JAMES O. SUPPLE Korea 1950  
ALBERT HINTON Korea 1950  
WILLIAM R. MOORE Korea 1950  
WILSON FIELDER Korea 1950  
C. D. ROSECRANS, Jr. Japan 1950  
KEN INOUE Japan 1950  
FRANK EMERY Japan 1950  
SHANNON L. MEANY Korea 1950  
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM Korea 1951  
WERNER BISCHOF Peru 1954  
ROBERT CAPA Indo-China 1954  
GENE SYMONDS Singapore 1955  
JOHN G. DOWLING Paraguay 1955  
DAVID SEYMOUR Egypt 1956  
CAMILLE CIANFARRA at sea 1956  
HENRY N. TAYLOR Congo 1960  
LIONEL DURAND Paris 1961  
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NED M. TRIMBLE Calif. 1961  
CHESTER B. KRONFELD Pakistan 1962  
PAUL GUIHARD Oxford, Miss. 1962  
WILLIAM F. McHALE Italy 1962  
JAMES BURKE India 1964  
GEORGE CLAY Congo 1964  
BERNARD KOLENBERG Vietnam 1965  
HUYNH THANH MY Vietnam 1965  
JERRY ROSE Vietnam 1965  
DICKEY CHAPPELLE Vietnam 1965  
MARGUERITE HIGGINS 1965  
(From Assignment Vietnam)

Memorial Wall in Members' Lounge bears two plaques inscribed with the names of war correspondents who died "in action."





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# **ABC SCOPE— TELEVISION'S FIRST REGULARLY SCHEDULED NEWS REPORT DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO VIETNAM.**

---

**On February 5, ABC News, in an unprecedented move, turned over a distinguished weekly program completely to one subject: the war in Vietnam. The expanding war itself and its growing influence on every American had demanded it. Thus ABC Scope became network television's first regularly scheduled news program reporting exclusively on Vietnam. Week by week, ABC News analyst Howard K. Smith brings television viewers a perceptive, incisive look at the war, its meaning and far-reaching effects. Another example of how responsible news programming can help keep America better informed.**

**ABC NEWS** 

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EYES  
on the  
WORLD...



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS



**Newspapers  
do it.  
Magazines  
do it.  
Even radio and TV  
do it.**

Quote Newsweek, that is.

In fact, Newsweek is the news-weekly magazine that other media quote most.

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Newsweek's quotable brand of journalism has attracted more than 10,000,000 readers, worldwide. It stands to reason that such readers are responsive to good advertising.



**quote  
Newsweek**  
the world's most quoted newsweekly



## HOW DOES NBC COLOR THE NEWS?

Superbly.

On Nov. 15 "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" became network television's first weekday nighttime news program to be presented in color.

A few days later, the new "Scherer-MacNeil Report"—already distinguishing itself as network television's first half-hour Saturday evening news program—made a similar switch to color.

That's only part of the story. With "Today" and Sunday's "Frank McGee Report" also in color, NBC News now has brought color to *all* of its major, regularly scheduled network programs seven



days a week. What's more, at least 80 per cent of NBC News' planned *specials* this season will be colorcasts.

For over a decade, the NBC Television Network alone presented an expanding volume of color programming year after year. Now, as the Full Color Network,

NBC is far ahead of the field in color experience and facilities.

As broadcasting's leader in both color *and* news for so many seasons, it was eminently logical for NBC to add color to its responsible reporting, interpretation and analysis of the world around us.

It is, to be sure, a turbulent world that might be more cheerfully viewed through rose-colored glasses than the unsparing eye of the color camera. But NBC News has never shied from the realities; and that—in reality—is a major reason for its status as the most honored organization in broadcast journalism.

# NBC NEWS

QUALITY—DIVERSITY—POPULARITY...ALL THIS AND COLOR, TOO



# OPC NEWS



*Edward R. Murrow at work relaxes with ever-present cigarette during telecast.*



*The high ideals of famed newsman Edward R. Murrow, shown at annual dinner in '56, will endure through Murrow memorial. A \$500,000 fund drive is underway.*

## Special Grants Set up in Memory of Club Members

Working journalists, students and club members will benefit from several grants established this year to honor deceased members. Biggest is the Edward R. Murrow Memorial Fund of the Overseas Press Club Foundation. A fund drive to raise \$500,000 is now in progress. When its financial objective is reached, the memorial fund will pay special attention to programs emphasizing responsibilities of the press in international news coverage.

In addition to seminars and an annual symposium, the Fund will maintain an Edward R. Murrow Memorial Library. It will also grant annual fellowships to promising journalism graduates for an "internship" in foreign reporting.

Journalism students with financial troubles will be given help by the Joseph M. Levy Fund, established at Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

A number of work-travel opportunities are being made available through the following: the Seymour Berkson Foreign Assignment Grant for six months abroad; the Alicia Patterson Fellowships for a year's travel and study, and a one-year travel fellowship for a male reporter given in memory of William Gray and administered by the OPC Foundation.

CONTINUED





Joseph Newman, club's program director, at newsmaker luncheon on Vietnam, is flanked by Mrs. My Huong, former diplomat, and Vietnamese Amb. Vu Van Thai.

## World Leaders at Newsmaker Lunch Meetings

Distinguished leaders in art, science, government and diplomacy found their way to the OPC luncheon table during 1965-1966 for newsmaker conferences. Joseph Newman was once again in charge of organizing these important events.

Members heard from four Ambassadors—Arthur Goldberg of U.N.,

Gen. Maxwell Taylor, former U.S. envoy to South Vietnam, Vu Van Thai, the South Vietnamese emissary to Washington, and Radomiro Tomic of Chile.

Other speakers included Lady Gaitskell, London; Mrs. Helen Suzman, M.P. of South Africa; Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman of Thailand;

Prime Minister Errol W. Barrow of Barbados; Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor; Linden Forbes Burnham, governmental chief of British Guiana; Rube Goldberg, cartoonist turned sculptor; Dr. James Z. Appel, president of the AMA, and Herman Kahn, author of *On Thermo-nuclear War*.

## Shamrocks for Nanking Bishop

Archbishop Paul Yu-Pin, exiled Catholic Bishop of Nanking, turned up at an OPC press luncheon on St. Patrick's Day and was promptly presented a basket of shamrocks by Sally Chen, Chinese hostess for Irish Airlines.

## Goodwill for Returnees

The Welcome Packet, an overseas bag full of toiletries, helpful booklets and important contacts is now given to OPC members returning from overseas assignments.



One of Portugal's most exciting Fado singers, Rui Mascarenas, entertains at "April in Portugal" evening. Regional dinners, popular club event, accented food, wine and crafts of various nations—a Myra Waldo production.



Journalism students learn about news coverage from "pros" at workshop at OPC.

## Sen. Robert Kennedy at College Editors Conference

Senator Robert F. Kennedy was featured speaker at the eighth annual four-day College Editors' Conference held in February by the OPC.

More than 250 young journalism

students attended a 50-minute news conference with the Senator. They also heard talks by Theodore C. Sorensen, Max Frankel of the *New York Times*, Richard Peters of the *World Telegram and Sun* and U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II.





*Youngsters strut their stuff at OPC's annual Children's Christmas Party. Toys, puppets and candy made the day.*

## OPC Rome Charter Unwittingly Becomes Honeymoon Special

There are some people who get married and go quietly off on a honeymoon. Irwin M. Chapman of ABC is not one of these.

Irwin and his bride, Arline Feld, went on their honeymoon with their own press corps—100 members of the OPC Charter Flight.

Corks popped all across the Atlantic in one of the longest champagne toasts on record.

The OPC group was red-carpeted wherever it went. The travelers were even privileged by a special audience with Pope Paul VI. The Pontiff spoke to the group in English, blessed the members and presented Madeleine Ross, flight chairman, with a special silver medallion for the club.

## Mrs. Douglas MacArthur at Japan Surrender Reunion

Mrs. Douglas MacArthur was an honored guest at the September dinner marking the 20th anniversary of the signing of the Japanese surrender aboard the *U.S.S. Missouri*.

Club President Merrill Mueller, who covered the surrender in 1945, presided over a panel of correspondents who discussed the historic ceremonies.

## Big Guns of Broadway

Two big guns of Broadway, Producers Alex Cohen and David Merrick, brought theatrical culture to luncheon meetings. Merrick and OPC member Lucy Jarvis, NBC producer, told how they took *Hello, Dolly!* to the Far East. Cohen lamented the fact that there are very few writers for the theater. Doesn't anyone want to write a play?



*Mayor John V. Lindsay banters with press following jam-packed newsmaker lunch in March. Newsy event came 18 hours after Mayor announced controversial tax.*

## Promise 'Em Anything but Get Out the Vote

Promises, promises, promises. The OPC membership heard more campaign promises during the 1965 election year than in all its 27-year history. All the principal candidates for Mayor, City Council President and Controller came to luncheon meetings to shake hands and make a pitch for votes. By Nov. 2, the countdown was one Republican, 12 Democrats and three Conservatives.

First challenger to appear was John V. Lindsay in June. A rash of Democrats followed in August and September and October brought the William

F. Buckley Conservatives.

"Fair Share" Sheldon, who chaired the meetings, carefully counted out 65 words of introduction for each candidate to assure the ticket equal time before the "mike."

Free words were added to the introduction for candidates who had journalistic experience—Orin Lehman, Daniel P. Moynihan and William Buckley.

As a further nod to his non-partisan position, Jim Sheldon kept his tailoring neutral. At each meeting he wore the same tie from Colorado.

*CONTINUED*



## 31 Amendments Passed in Revised Constitution

After two years' work revising and clarifying the language of the OPC Constitution, the Constitution Committee reports that 31 of the 32 proposed amendments were passed by the membership.

Among those approved were the following pertaining to membership: USIA and Voice of America workers are now eligible for active status; retired members will be kept in the category they held at time of retirement. Rules on suspension and expulsion as set forth in Section 9 are now more precisely defined.

The sole amendment which failed to get a majority vote dealt with the admission of distinguished members of the working press to active status on special invitation of the Board of Governors.

## Jack Frummer, Music's Man

Opera buffs were treated to very special musical programs during the 1965-66 season, thanks to Jack Frummer. Singers from both the Metropolitan Opera and Boris Goldovsky's Opera Theatre performed at the club.

Club members also had the opportunity to meet in person Risë Stevens, Rudolf Bing, Mrs. August Belmont, Licia Albanese and Anthony Bliss.

## Blackouts of '65

The night the "big fuse blew", the Club was a pleasant place for stragglers. The grill, cheered and brightened by dozens of Sterno lights and candles, was jammed to the bar rails. No matter what story members told the next day, no one suffered. It was all fun and free sandwiches.

## Diamant's Book Nights Shine

Anita Diamant Berke once again delivered controversial authors to club book nights and created some very provocative sessions.

Among the author-speakers were Arthur Schlesinger Jr., William Bradford Huie, Gov. Michael DiSalle and Larry Blochman, Robin Moore and Haille Burnett. Authors Theodore Sorensen and Guenter Grass talked at luncheon sessions.



*Author Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (l.) chats with N.Y. Post columnist James Wechsler before Book Night event.*



*General Eisenhower and members swap tales at gala V-E Day-plus-20 reunion.*

## Hail to the Chief At V-E Day Reunion

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, former Supreme Allied Commander, was honored guest at a V-E Day-plus-20 reunion May 7 in the 10th floor lounge.

Highlight of the evening was Ike's talk in which he finally revealed why news of the Nazi surrender was de-

layed—so that Soviets could make a simultaneous announcement. A side-light was presentation of Gen. John J. Pershing's sword to the club by Albert Stevens Crockett, who had been given them 52 years ago as a gift of appreciation by the World War I commander.



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\*Deceased



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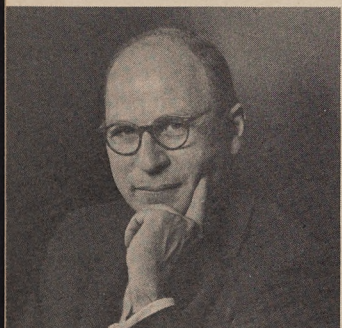
MOHR



ROYSTER



MORRIS



STARR

The world's top war correspondents are represented in this issue of *Date-line*, writing about wars and rumors of wars, past, present and future.

**CHARLES MOHR**, 36, former *Time* correspondent, White House man for the *New York Times* and now the *Times* bureau chief in Saigon, tells all about the correspondents' problems in covering this most perplexing of wars—and does it in the honest, no-nonsense style that has given him a reputation as a reporter's reporter. **VERMONT C. ROYSTER**, editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, writes as president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors on one of the foremost issues of the times: what control government should have over news flow.

**RICHARD TREGASKIS**, who made his reputation with *Guadalcanal Diary*, then went on to *Invasion Diary* and the OPC-award winning *Vietnam Diary*, has covered seven wars in 25 years. He tells why he and others go back to war again and again.

Through great combat pictures, **JOHN MORRIS**, photo consultant, presents telling moments of men under fire. Mr. Morris saw war as *Life* picture editor on D-Day in London, field coordinator of press photographers in the Normandy front, acting *Life* bureau chief in Paris—and as “the only buck private in the Pentagon” when drafted after VE-Day from *Life's* Chicago bureau.

On remembering wars past: **LOUIS STARR**, author of *Bohemian Brigade: Civil War Newsmen in Action*, quotes a Civil War reporter: “[the only way to report battles] lay in being closely observant of them as to be in danger of being killed.” Both historian and journalist, Mr. Starr (Yale '40) is director of Oral History Research and of the International Division of the Graduate School of

Journalism at Columbia University and book editor for the *Columbia Journalism Review*.

**BURNET HERSHEY**, the only correspondent accredited to General Eisenhower in World War II who had also been with General Pershing during World War I, recalls the adventures of the 1914-18 reporters; these ranged from trench warfare to crepe suzettes in villas where combat reporters were then billeted.

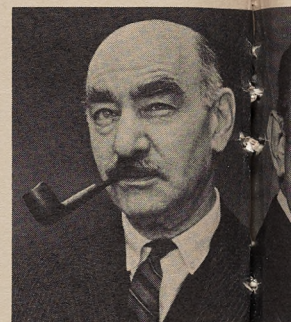
Two veteran correspondents talk about World War II on both sides of the globe.

**A. I. GOLDBERG**, editor of *The AP Log* and former staffer at the United Nations, writes about the ETO and about operations from El Alamein to the Bavarian Alps. Mr. Goldberg rode through the surrendered German armies to see Herman Goering surrender to the 36th Division and was the first correspondent to interview the Reichsmarshal.

**ROBERT LEE SHERROD**, vice president and editorial coordinator of Curtis Publishing Co. and editor-at-large for the *Saturday Evening Post*, writes about the Central Pacific theater and island-hopping along with “the bloody procession from Tarawa through Okinawa.”

**ANSEL TALBERT'S** war is nearer in time. Talbert, member of the OPC Board of Governors and vice president of the Flight Safety Foundation, was a *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent in Korea. There he was a sideliners to one of the most celebrated of all journalistic feuds, dodged the bullets but managed to break a leg. He considered himself lucky.

War on TV is a continuing matter of controversy. **MORLEY SAFER** of CBS, whose sensational filming of the burning of a Vietnamese village dramatized the role of TV as an opinion-maker, tackles the problem of the news correspondent and govern-



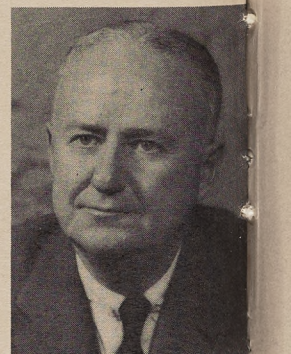
GOLDBERG



SHERROD

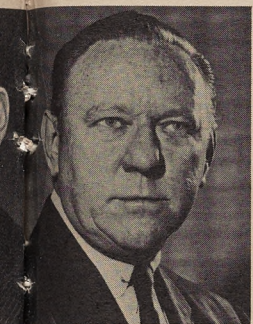


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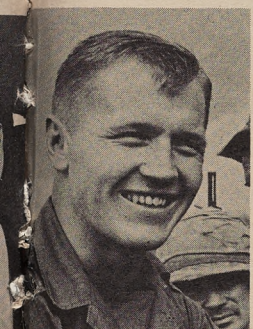


SYLVESTER

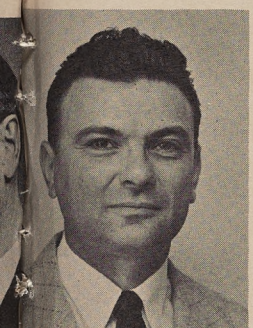




CONSIDINE



TIEDE



HOFFMAN

ment intimidation. Safer, a Canadian now in London for CBS, has covered both Asia and Africa.

In reply to Safer's article, **ARTHUR SYLVESTER**, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs (formerly city editor of the Newark *News*) who has been accused of advocating "managed news" by government, discusses the responsibility, or lack of it, of TV reporting.

One of the most likely future super-sonic newswriters defines the role of jet journalism in today's press. **BOB CONSIDINE**, the inveterate "On the Line" columnist who, 15 minutes after an interview with Khrushchev, typed out for 13 hours nonstop his now famous story, introduces a new breed of foreign correspondent—the hit-and-run reporter.

**JOE W. MORGAN**, foreign editor of United Press International, tells what the wire services have had to go through to piece together the what's and where's at any given moment of war and peace.

NEA's **TOM TIEDE** recounts with a light touch the tug-o'-war between war correspondents and PIO's. Winner of the 1965 Ernie Pyle Award, Mr. Tiede, like Ernie Pyle once did, pursues today's GI story far beyond the army information office.

**FRED S. HOFFMAN**, noted Associated Press Pentagon correspondent, tells about Vietnam happenings from the Washington end. A student of

military history, Mr. Hoffman has been reporting military affairs since 1961; he covered the fact-finding mission of Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and Vice President Humphrey's recent tour of the Far East.

**BEVERLY DEEPE** provides the war picture through a feminine eye. Being a woman news correspondent among men at war includes being a living symbol of mother, sweetheart and the apple-pie world back home. Miss Deepe, who first ventured out as a YWCA visitor to the Soviet Union, was a stringer for *Newsweek* in Vietnam from 1962 to 1964, now files from Vietnam for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

**DAVID HALBERSTAM**, a 1964 Pulitzer Prize winner for his reporting on the Diem regime in South Vietnam, sees the foreign correspondent as the quiet—but not entirely humorless—American. Now in Paris after having been evicted from "People's Poland," Mr. Halberstam says of his experience in Vietnam: "It's only after you leave that you realize how many laughs there were."

**TED YATES**, NBC producer-director, talks about vest-pocket wars from the Congo to Santo Domingo. Yates won the George Polk award in 1965 for his Vietnam coverage, received a Peabody award in 1961 as producer of "David Brinkley's Journal." He has also profiled "America the Beautiful" and the CIA.



HALBERSTAM



YATES

## CREDITS

**ILLUSTRATORS:** Marvin Tannen-berg, whose sketches illustrate "What Did You Say, Mr. Halberstam?" is a Stars and Stripes alumnus who now cartoons for Playboy, Saturday Evening Post, Parade, Look, Saturday Review and other publications.

● Al Kaufman, whose illustrations appear with "The Hit-and-Run Correspondent", served with the Seabees in the Philippines in World War II. His cartoons, he says, have appeared in "just about every magazine under the sun." He has been a cartoonist since 1940.

**COVER PHOTO** of a gun emplacement in South Vietnam is a LOOK

Magazine photo by James H. Karales. Copyright © by Cowles Communications Inc.

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# **"It is well that war is so terrible,"**

*declared Robert E. Lee  
as he watched the entrenched Confederates  
cut down the advancing Union waves at Fredericksburg.  
"Otherwise we might grow too fond of it."*

*☞ In the past 20 years it might well seem that the  
world has grown too fond of war. At least it has again  
and again resorted to fighting. Since 1945, according  
to the study Limited War and American Defense Policy,  
there have been at least 40 outbreaks of violence which  
have been variously categorized as guerrilla wars, police  
actions, uprisings, rebellions, revolutions, anticolonial  
activities, punitive expeditions, skirmishes, battles and  
insurgencies. In this period of war called peace, according to one  
estimate, as many as 10 million men have gone into battle.*

*☞ What is war? Clausewitz called it a "continuation  
of policy by other means." Those who have witnessed  
it know it as a state in which men, and sometimes  
nations, die. Some die bravely and some die badly,  
some die skulking and some die unawares. Some die  
with a slogan on their lips and some die purposelessly,  
without the slightest notion of why their lives are ending.*

*☞ It is the task of the correspondent to record these  
deaths, of men and nations alike. He must paint war  
in all its blood and heroism and butchery and tragedy  
and dehumanization. He must help the rest of us to see  
war's true face and full horror. And if he does this  
job and does it well, then he can hope that some day men  
will lose their fondness for war and there will be, in the  
words of Pope Paul VI, "no more war, war never again."*

## **the editors of dateline**



# THIS WAR AND HOW WE COVER IT

BY CHARLES MOHR  
NEW YORK TIMES, SAIGON

**F**rom its humble beginnings as a nasty little war the conflict in Vietnam has blossomed into a nasty medium-size war—and into the most important and baffling challenge the United States has had to face in two decades. Some of the opportunities and problems faced by reporters in covering the story have also changed. On the whole, however, the most important problems are much the same as they were a few years ago.

The worst of these problems is the complexity of the war itself. Many of the more than 200 accredited correspondents working in Vietnam have a good grasp of this perplexing war. But—although this is precisely our most important task—few of us find it easy to get on paper often enough the reasons why success is so elusive. It is a humbling experience to have visitors to Saigon ask the usual ques-

*CONTINUED*







*Grim sights a correspondent may see: A South Vietnamese soldier stomps a farmer who gave incorrect information.*

photos by HORST FAAS, AP

tions—"Well, how can the Viet Cong be right across the river from Saigon?"—to give the answers and to be told, "The American public just doesn't understand that." Until the war ends—if it ever *does* end—the most serious difficulty faced by newspapermen here will remain the problem of clarity.

There is a multitude of other problems. It is a great war to cover if you can only find the war, but this is not always easy.

If military intelligence officers always knew where to find the Viet Cong, the war would have been over long ago. Because they do not, reporters must to some extent gamble on which operations they will cover, and sometimes they get a long, hot walk in the sun instead of a story (which is one reason there are so many long, hot walk in the sun stories filed from Vietnam).

Reporters employ almost every form of locomotion except water skiing to get to stories, and getting there is half the agony. Aircraft have a habit of stopping at every base in Vietnam except the one you want to get to, or of arriving just after the last helicopter has already left for the forward command post or for the troops in the field. When you finally do arrive, there is the possibility that you will find Peter Arnett or Horst Faas of AP there ahead of you, proving once again that in scrounging rides and beating the system there is nothing like experience.

The correspondents who work alone in Vietnam and thus have no one to dictate to from the field to Saigon cannot file their stories until they return to the capital. In a way they are lucky, because they are in less danger of losing their sanity than those of us who must struggle with

the military telephone network. If you can get through to Saigon, and if you don't get cut off, the phone sometimes works well. But much of the time it is like trying to dictate underwater, and it is possible to spend two hours trying to clear an 800-word piece.

Keyes Beech of the *Chicago Daily News* nostalgically misses the jeep he had in Korea—and last fall he stole a jeep for a few hours just to show a neophyte like me how it is done. But this is not a jeep war. A correspondent must be able to walk, and, especially when going uphill, you pay dearly for a misspent life of martinis and cigarettes.

Conditions in the field vary widely. A reporter may spend a night in the compound of an American advisory group long established in Vietnam. In that case he can have a comfortable room, a good meal, a drink and see a movie. On the other hand he may sleep in a hole on a battalion perimeter. My own worst nights were spent in Plei Me Special Forces Camp, where rats kept running over our chests all night, and in a flooded sugar cane field in Haunghia province, where Jack Foisie of the *Los Angeles Times* bitterly contested the single, tiny, hip-size patch of dry ground I had found.

More and more, however, correspondents are finding this an increasingly convenient war to cover. It is possible for a man to reach a command post at, say, 10 A.M., catch a medical evacuation or resupply helicopter that will take him right to the middle of a company in combat. He will then have an excellent chance of catching another helicopter out in the evening so that he can write and file his copy.

This system works so well that

CONTINUED



*Terrified civilians during battle of Dong Xoai. AP Pulitzer Prize winner Horst Faas calls this his best Vietnam shot.*





## THIS WAR, CONTINUED

readers in the U.S. get detailed accounts of a battle before General Westmoreland does, which quite naturally annoys Westmoreland, who is one of the most admirable and intelligent of soldiers.

The war cannot be covered entirely at firsthand, which brings us to that institution satirically called "The 5 o'clock Follies," or the daily military briefing held in Saigon. There are now two military briefings, one at 4:30 by the Vietnamese and one at 5 by the U.S. military briefing officers. These tend to be maddening affairs.

This is partly the fault of the reporters, partly the fault of the information officers and partly the fault of the system. There are few reporters (certainly not this one) who have never been guilty of querulous, petulant and combative interrogation. To even the score, the briefers often adopt a *grande dame* air of supercilious disdain. Because the information officers are honorable men, the main culprit must be the system. Their own main channel of information is through the Saigon command center, where news often arrives late and in a form that no one—reporter or soldier—who witnessed the event in the field would be able to recognize. Most important, the information as dispensed is worth little journalistically. Sometimes it is hardly coherent. Even at best it is not a clear, living account of men fighting and dying. I think there must be few reporters who do not find trying to write a daily communiqué from the briefing one of the most difficult tasks of their careers.

I would be kidding myself and misleading the reader if I tried to deny that there has been an uncooled atmosphere of mutual hostility



*Wounded South Vietnamese child hobbles toward evacuation helicopter.*

between many reporters and the Military Assistance Command-Vietnam Information Office. This may be regrettable but is not of vital importance, because MAC-VIO is not where reporters get stories. The military information officers who work in the field with the divisions, brigades and air units have been magnificent on the whole. They will move heaven and earth to assist a reporter in getting to the story.

This is even truer of combat soldiers, from brigade and battalion commanders down to Pfc's. The unfailing courtesy and hospitality of these men comprise the most moving definition of the word "gentleman."

Because of the unique nature of this conflict, the reporter will inevitably spend much of his time covering civilians and essentially civilian activities. I think the most hard-bitten and cynical reporters would agree that Barry Zorthian, the head of the

Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office, and Harold Kaplan, the U.S. Mission press spokesman, have been enormously helpful, honest, candid and diligent.

Vietnamese sources tend either to be awful or wonderful (much the same can be said of American sources). The good ones have a clear-eyed view of this awful dilemma and long ago made the decision that it is disastrous to substitute wishful thinking for realism. The "pessimistic" sources, both American and Vietnamese, drive the Pentagon and the White House crazy. But they are precisely the men who are most dedicated to the war and to success and least dedicated to their own careers and to apple-polishing. They are not hard to find, and it would be easy to destroy them and their careers. A reporter has an unusual obligation to be discreet in South Vietnam.

On the whole, the opportunities that face a reporter in South Vietnam far surpass the problems with which he must deal. There are so many worthy stories to be written that a newcomer is at first exhilarated, and then depressed. The most gifted and energetic can never write it all. And men who are often confused themselves can never pretend to offer perfect clarity to their readers.

No one should pretend that, week in and week out, the war is being covered brilliantly or even as well as it could be. But, after almost four years of closely following the Vietnam story, I remain convinced that the reporters have looked less silly, less shortsighted and more realistic than many of those in government who have made policy (and almost all of those who get paid for expounding it). Yet anyone who takes satisfaction in this is very foolish indeed.





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## WHY WE COVER WARS / BY RICHARD TREGASKIS

AUTHOR, GUADALCANAL DIARY, VIETNAM DIARY

Good war correspondents, like other people of action, generally are loath to make themselves heroes, but most will admit that they take chances in war zones for the same reason the mountain climber gave when asked why he wanted to scale Everest: "Because it is there."

Correspondents are drawn to front areas because they are usually well known as danger zones, and wars, like mountains, are exciting. Dickey Chappelle and Maggie Higgins found them so, demonstrating that fascination with war has not been wholly a male prerogative.

Despite the deaths and disabilities of war, there is another facet that draws people whatever their personal persuasion or sex: the instant elimination of personal ambition in favor of unselfish sacrifice to a great cause.

Never mind the fact that the cause is the destruction of an enemy and the expenditure of resources—including life and health—to destroy something the foe considers highly valuable.

Today in Vietnam men are taking the risks and paying the price in the faith that it is a worthwhile objective to destroy an enemy dedicated to something we hate. In the case of Vietnam, it is an enemy dedicated to dictatorship and thought control, a government by a minority proportionately as large as the Vegetarian Party in the U. S.

A lot of men are suffering and dying in Vietnam because they believe sufficiently in "One Man, One Vote"—freedom of every nation to determine its own future by free choice of the population rather than to have its option forced by a small and militant Communist vanguard. We had the same battle in World War II—an all-

out struggle for survival against another kind of dictatorship. The fascists were equally implacable foes of freedom of thought, speech and free elections. Opposing such foes is a worthwhile cause anywhere, anytime. Asians, too, incline toward it once they have tested the promises of absolutism. The trouble with the Communist solution is, first, that when you have accepted a thought control regime it is next to impossible to change it. And second, Communism always gets stuck in the stage of the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat, meaning not the proletariat at all but the Communist Party.

Our struggle against this kind of minority dictatorship has been a fascinating development of the post-World War II years, as the Communists set in motion a cycle of Leninistic wars, a cycle wherein the Communists of East and West followed Mr. Lenin's prescriptions and sought to turn the nationalistic aspirations of small nations into Communist rather

than democratic upheavals.

By contrast with the enemy *vanguard* and such of the *reserve* as can be persuaded to follow them down the one-way street of minority dictatorship, our fighting men in Greece, in Korea, in the Formosa Straits and in Vietnam have shown an amazing willingness to put their lives on the line for ideals.

The Vietnam situation is probably the single most important story in the world today, and it is a story that draws journalists from Bangor to Pago Pago, from Anchorage to San Juan. It fascinated AP photographers Huynh Thanh My and Bernard Kolenberg and writer-photographers Jerry Rose and Dickey Chappelle—all of whom died in Vietnam.

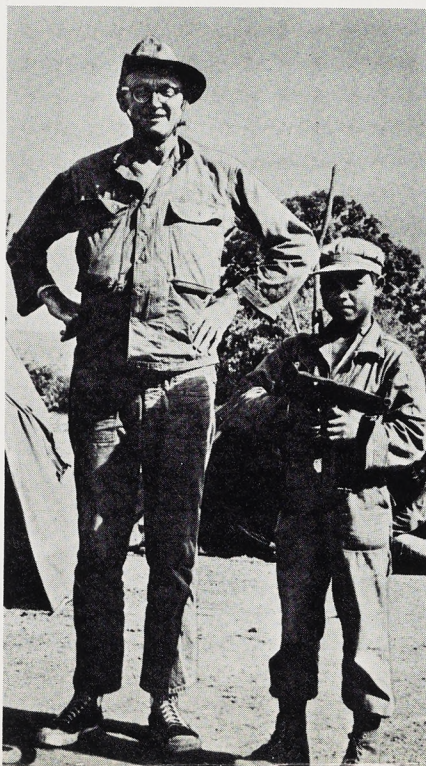
And aside from the idealistic involvement, war can be as exciting as anything in life. I remember discussing this once with Bob Capa, the great war photographer who was killed by a mine in 1952 during what the French call the First Indochina War.

It was in 1943, during World War II, when Capa and I were with the 82nd Airborne in a little Sicilian town called Licata. At that time, just before the Allied landing at Salerno and the invasion of Italy, the 82nd was expecting to be dropped into Rome, and Capa and I were going with them.

The top secret plan was that we would drop on Rome the day before the Salerno invasion. The Italians were to cooperate by lighting the way to Ciampino airport and keeping the German fighters on the ground. Fortunately, the mission was aborted at the last minute—fortunately, because it was discovered that five German divisions surrounded the airfield.

On the night before our takeoff Capa and I were sitting on the edge

*Six-foot-six Tregaskis and a Montagnard trooper at Vietnam army camp.*





of the Licata airfield, spinning the time with talk.

I mentioned that I had flown over from North Africa in a C-47 with one of the ranking officers of the division and that I had said to him that war is such a tragic waste and such bloody double destruction. The officer, a veteran, battle-toughened trooper, smiled and said frankly, "I like it."

Telling Capa about this, I ventured the thesis that there is a distinctive philosophy about a frontline area (in those old days, you remember, there was always a clearly delineated front). I vouchsafed the idea that when you were at the front you didn't expect to live long. Thus you tended to be free of the petty selfishness that governs us in times of absolute safety and assumed longevity.

"At the front," I pontificated, "if someone wants your shirt you'll give it to him. Men are unselfish and self-sacrificing as never elsewhere. While they're trying to kill people on the other side they'll die for people on their own."

I went on to a related theory about war—after all, this was a bull session, war-style. I said that one of the most dramatic stories anywhere was that of two intelligent human beings trying to kill each other. I mentioned Wilkie Collins's famous story, *The Most Dangerous Game*, which claimed big game hunting was boring, but to pit man against man—that was something.

Capa's usual temper was sardonic and cynical, and his upbringing in central Europe led him to poke fun at many of my ideas as "over-American." We were good friends, but he violently opposed some of my theses as too idealistic and unrealistic; at such times he would address me as "Tregasgoose." This time he called



*Wounded Tregaskis and Maj. William Pitt in Italy during World War II.*

me by that name but subscribed to my idea—which was quite a concession for him:

"I agree with you, Tregasgoose; fighting is exciting."

He went on to quote a saying familiar in any battle: "War is long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of intense anxiety." But, he added, the intense anxiety always makes life very dramatic.

This kind of excitement always appealed to Bob Capa, up to his end during the birth pangs of Vietnam from the wreckage of Indochina. I know that it also appealed immensely to others of our best battle correspondents—initially, to Ted Post of the *New York Times*, the first American correspondent to die covering World War II. For a long time after that a correspondent who was killed doing his duty in a frontline area was said to have taken "the Post road."

After Post there were many other war reporters of the same intense persuasion: in the Pacific, Jack Singer of INS, who flew in a lumbering old U.S. Navy torpedo plane on a low-level attack against a Japanese warship, wrote one of the best action stories of World War II and died a few days later when accounts were reversed and his ship, the *U.S.S.*

*Wasp*, was hit by an enemy torpedo-bomber; Joe James Custer of UP, who lost an eye when the *U.S.S. Astoria* was sunk in the first battle of Savo Island; Bill Chickering, the glamorous Time-Life correspondent killed in the Philippines landings; Bob Miller of UP, who lived through all the slings and outrageous .25s of Guadalcanal with me, then caught a packet of trouble with a bomb fragment near Verdun, an ancient campaign reactivated in World War II. Feisty as ever, Miller survives to this day to cover the war trouble spots, including Vietnam, for UPI.

Many other good correspondents paid the blood price for their dedication. Bill Stringer, of Reuters, was always at the front until that day in France when an enemy SP gun targeted Stringer's jeep, his driver and himself with point-blank fire. And there were Heiny Faust and Dave Lardner, both with famous names and the same dedication to seeing the war at close range.

Heiny Faust was better known by his pen name, Max Brand. He had given the world a series of raw action Westerns, but his own history had been short on adventurous experience. In 1943 Heiny got himself accredited as a correspondent and showed up at the Italian front in late November.

Someone had told him that to get to the action, all you had to do was go up toward the front and keep going. Heiny followed instructions too well, and within a few days he was killed by German fire.

One of us with more experience should have explained to Heiny that you can minimize your chances of getting hurt by never going across a field of fire in a straight line and by

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## Portraiture

TIME's job is to create a canvas of the world's week—to catch the news and newsmakers in one unforgettable portrait. It is done with words that paint pictures, with pictures that capture thought and deed. It is done through the hundreds of interviews by TIME correspondents around the world—the shadings and coloration of the portrait. It's heightened by the research—the background of the work. And it is completed by the writing—the final touch and tone that make each week's canvas come alive for 8,000,000 intelligently responsive families. Families to whom TIME is something very special.





Tibetan refugees pose with Tregaskis at Ladakh, on India's China frontier.

knowing approximately where the enemy will apply maximum power.

But I couldn't have told Heiny about it because at that moment I had been so smart that I had got myself pranged in the head by a Kraut mortar and was nearly dead in the 38th Evacuation Hospital in Caserta, unable to speak and partly paralyzed.

After expert Army surgeons had armor-plated my head with tantalum, I worked my way back to northern Europe, still for INS, and met Dave Lardner. Dave was the son of the famous Ring. He had just been accredited to *The New Yorker* and was anxious to operate in the field in which his brother John had been war-corresponding for *Newsweek*.

One day in Aachen, just about a year after Heiny Faust was killed, I had gone up to the frontline with Dave, on his first visit to war action, and Russell Hill of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

I was going to stay in Aachen, that street-fighting jungle where all the roofs were blasted off and the brave and expert troops of the 1st Division were carefully battling their way.

Russell and Dave talked to me about the road back to Eupen, First Army headquarters across the border in Belgium. I advised against following the main highway. There were too many areas marked with engineers' tape, indicating the route hadn't been de-mined. It was better to follow the more tedious, intricate back-road pattern that the tank columns of the 3rd

Armored had taken.

Hill and Lardner and the jeep driver went down the main highway—and hit a Teller mine. Only Hill survived.

The same principles of enlightened self-preservation apply in today's Leninistic kind of war: Find out where the hazards are, see them and thread them as carefully and painstakingly as you can. In Vietnam, if you're in a chopper-envelopment operation, watch the edges of the nearest treeline. In general, move fast, never in a straight line and never in the open if you can avoid it.

The main difference between World War II and the anti-Communist wars that followed is that, as a Frenchman told me during the Indochina campaign, "Everywhere is front." In Vietnam or Santo Domingo, in Malaysia or the undeclared war in Yemen, there really are no secure areas. You can trigger a plastic bomb in your closet or in some favorite bar. Our military leaders are learning the hard way how to fight this kind of war. Our correspondents are usually younger; they learn fast because they start with a clean slate. When Huyhn Thanh My was killed in action last year, he had already learned the hard way. Once before he had been wounded in action. After mending in the hospital he had the guts to go back where today's best and most exciting war story was, in the middle of an attack on the VC.

Dickey Chapelle knew the combina-

tions of the big war, had learned some of the new ones and had retained the basic lessons.

But Dickey also knew that the most dramatic and exciting stories in war are found where the action and the danger are. That day chance was against her, and she was killed by an antipersonnel mine.

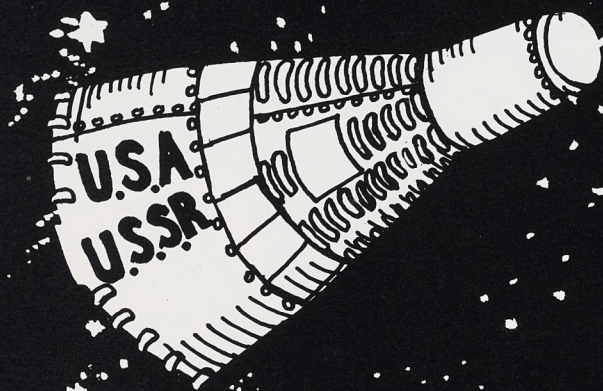
It was the same with Ernie Pyle back in 1945 on the island of Ie Shima when he lifted at the wrong moment and got a machinegun bullet in the forehead—the most honorable death for a correspondent.

It was always a wonder to us that big Ernie Hemingway didn't encounter the same accident when he was charging around with the 4th Division in France in World War II. Fate saved him, ironically, for his own hunting rifle in 1963. Meanwhile he had written two good books and won the Nobel Prize.

A related wonder was that Homer Bigart didn't catch it when he climbed that frontline hill in Korea with two other correspondents and came back alone. We had wondered about Homer in the Greek war, too, when he took the same chances as George Polk, and Polk didn't make it back.

But all of them, those who were lucky and those who weren't, took many calculated risks. The risk was, and still is, to cover the hottest story in the world, where the action is hottest and chances the shortest; but this great game, we know, is worth the candle.





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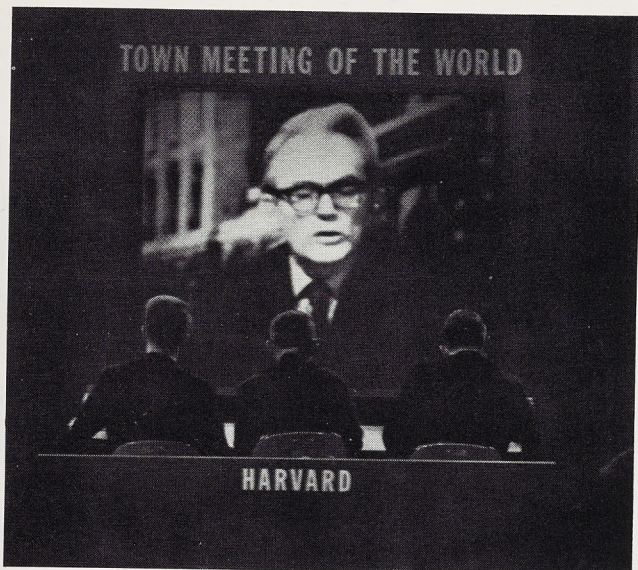
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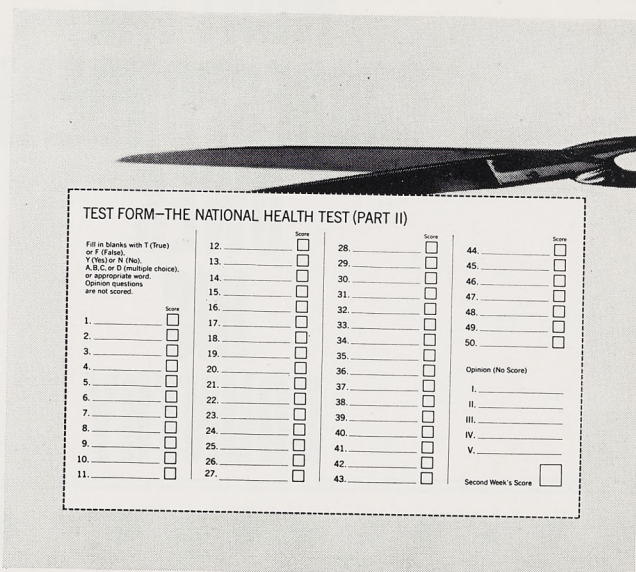
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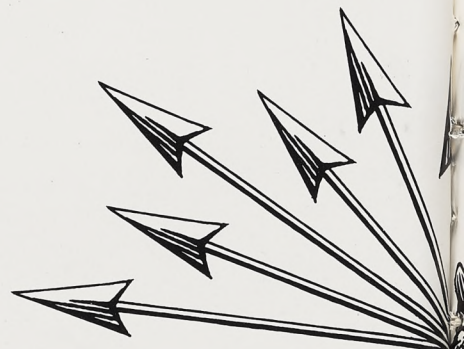
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# WHAT THE CORRESPONDENT OWES HIS COUNTRY



A journalist owes nothing to those who govern his country. He owes everything to his country.

This is as true in war as in peace. It applies as much to the frontline correspondent as to the editorial writer pondering the policy of nations in his littered sanctum.

The only difference is that in peace there is rarely any difficulty in deciding when the interests of the government and the interests of the nation collide. Most of the time they are the same, but the journalist need never hesitate to write something that may injure the one if it will serve the other.

In war it is not always so simple. Sometimes writing the truth about the government—or, more often, the truth about the conduct of its military affairs—may injure the country. At other times it is essential, if the country is to be truly served, that the public know the unvarnished truth even at the cost of bringing statesmen and generals into dispute. There are even times when small injuries to the country's immediate good must

be suffered for the country's greater ultimate good.

For any honest journalist, the anguish is in deciding which time is which.

A few examples may serve to illustrate the problem.

In ordinary times a newspaperman should not hesitate a moment to dig out and reveal a Teapot Dome deal, a scandal over government contracts or any other kind of hanky-panky, though the malfeasance reach to the highest offices.

Indubitably such stories do injury to those entrusted with government. Perhaps at times they do injury to the government itself by impairing the public confidence. But clearly they serve the country, for the country is done a greater injury by malfeasance unrevealed. Émile Zola very nearly destroyed a French government—and he saved not only an obscure army officer but France itself.

In most cases this is true even in wartime. The Truman committee during World War II uncovered a lot of peculiar goings-on, happily most

of it of a minor nature, but no one would argue today (although some did at the time) that its revelations hurt the country's war effort. The committee's work served us well and, incidentally, put Mr. Truman in the White House.

But it's easy to imagine an instance where the consequences might be different. Imagine, for example, the discovery of a foulup in the production of ammunition—perhaps one involving outright fraud. The interest of the country requires urgent action. But it is not inconceivable that exposure—informing the enemy that we had insufficient ammunition to fight in a certain place at a certain time—might do irreparable damage.

What, then, is the journalist's duty?

If this is no easy question for a peacetime reporter, the battlefield correspondent meets with still more difficult ones and they are not the ones involved in ordinary daily censorship, official or self-imposed.

The correspondent who knows how and when his country's forces plan to attack, or perhaps how desperate





their situation could be should the enemy do thus and so, has no justification for publishing this knowledge. The news serves no purpose to those at home. And it can do great injury to his countrymen.

Personally I have no patience with correspondents who object to this kind of censorship, official or self-imposed, simply because the word "censorship" has a nasty sound. In fact I have little patience in general with reporters who think their only business is to show off how energetic, clever or knowledgeable they are.

The journalist's real battlefield dilemmas lie elsewhere. After the event, how much should he report on how the battle was mangled, if that be the case? How much should he report, day by day, on how goes the struggle—when, on the one hand, the information may comfort the enemy and, on the other, perhaps help correct the situation by arousing an informed public?

If there are any simple answers to these questions, no man has yet found them. Yet in any given situation an

honest and thoughtful newsman can usually find a pragmatic answer if he will use duty as his guide.

Certainly a reporter has no duty to cover up for bungling generals or even for inept Presidents. If he does so out of kindness to the individuals concerned or out of mistaken ideas of "responsibility" to the government, he is merely being cruel to those risking the hazards of battle and irresponsible to his country's cause.

He may be equally so, of course, if he publicizes foulups merely to catch headlines. Foulups are endemic in the best-run armies, and truth in detail may propagate disaster.

The question, then, that the war correspondent must ask himself is: What purpose does this story serve? What purpose, that is, to those who will read what he writes—the public whose right to know is the whole purpose of this business?

If no purpose will be served by the public reading this juicy morsel, then it's probably a waste of wire tolls and newsprint. This would apply, I'm afraid, to most of the prose

about the gore of battle. Every man knows that battles are bloody, and most such stories are written to show that the reporter was there and to demonstrate his skill at rhetoric.

If the story would injure those in battle and contribute no offsetting value save perhaps the satisfaction of curiosity or the public's desire for the sensational, then the reporter would best keep silent—or leave his account for a later time when, belonging to history, it will cause no harm.

But if the reporter's story is truly something the public needs to know in order that men, knowing it, can put things right or guard against recurrence—then the obligation is to publish the facts no matter what high officers of government would cry us down.

That leaves every journalist with the agony of deciding when that time has come. From that there is no escape. But he will not go far wrong if he remembers that his duty is not to those who govern but to his country.

**BY VERMONT C. ROYSTER**  
EDITOR, WALL STREET JOURNAL



**T**he war photographer wonders what the hell he's doing there—here—when finally his courage catches up with him and he is face to face with the image of war. He is not a soldier: his enemy is the driving compulsion to freeze this . . . . . moment on a piece of film. He knows it has all been photographed before, and what real difference did it make back home? Just another image of agony revolving on the wirephoto drum, another 4-col. cut of a blown-up village, a four-color spread of a "body count" of putrid corpses. The smell, thank God, is not transmitted with the image. He is under fire—and he knows the bullets will not ask questions. They could not care less that he is carrying a Nikon instead of an M-14. Waiting. Watching. Waiting. He shoots another roll, knowing it is not much. Only one body. The face is covered. No way to show what the survivor's talking about. But the image is real, and can he help it if it is also occasionally beautiful? It may even end up in a museum, along with a Goya, a Daumier, a Capa and countless bloody Crucifixions. He is not thinking about museums right now. He is thinking about deadlines and about getting the hell out of here. He wants to get back to where he can safely wonder what this is all about—there are a few people whom he'd like to share this with. To share. Is that the clue? Is that perhaps his purpose? He doesn't consciously think of it this way. After all, he's under fire. And through his pictures, with any imagination, aren't we all?

SPAIN/ROBERT CAPA/MAGNUM PHOTOS



# UNDER FIRE

BY JOHN G. MORRIS  
GRAPHIC CONSULTANT

KOREA/DAVID DUNCAN/LIFE









*NORMANDY/ROBERT CAPA/LIFE*



*SAIPAN/EUGENE SMITH/LIFE*



*IWO JIMA/ JOE ROSENTHAL/AP*





*ENIWETOK/R. R. PLATNICK/U.S. COAST GUARD*



# Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

## A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, and (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, and (3) strike supersonically at treetop height or dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first eight developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

## The matter of flight envelope:

Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several

possible purposes is most important.

A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.

## Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

## How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather



**Top:** The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.  
**Bottom:** Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.



than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

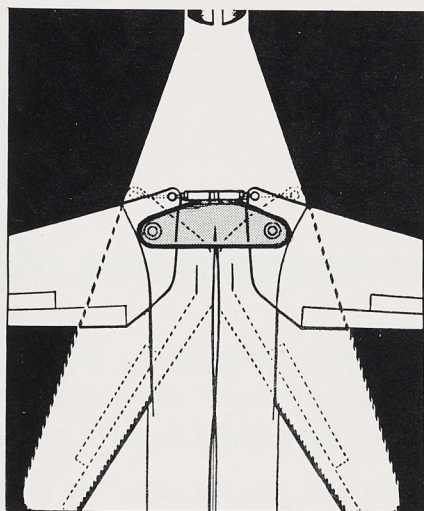
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

## Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

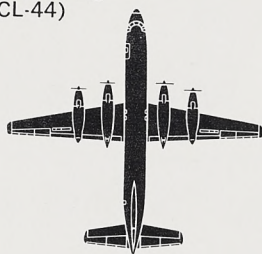
For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively



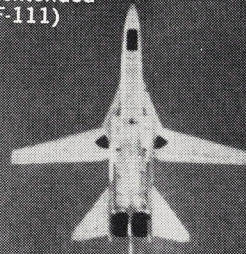
**How the wing works.** A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

## How wing configuration determines flight envelope

Extended wing  
(CL-44)



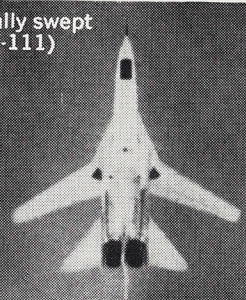
Fully extended  
(F-111)



Swept wing  
(Convair 990)



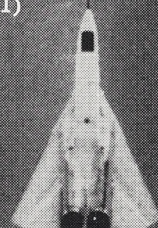
Partially swept  
(F-111)



Delta wing  
(F-106)



Fully swept  
(F-111)



**Left, top to bottom:** Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

**Right, top to bottom:** Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.

## The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination

of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

*General Dynamics* is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

**GENERAL DYNAMICS**



# EXTRA

## ITT to Reinforce Press Wireless Service; Expect faster Press Communications around World.

*ITT advanced communications equipment will speed up news media service*

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Our new system is ITT's high-speed, voice-coordinated data-transmission equipment. It provides teleprinter-to-teleprinter communications at great speed and substantially reduced cost.

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**THE CIVIL WAR**

**WHEN IT ALL STARTED**



## BY LOUIS STARR

PROFESSOR, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

The only way to report battles, one of the ablest of Civil War correspondents wrote in a letter to his managing editor from the front, underscoring the words, "lay in being so closely observant of them as to be in danger of being killed."

More than courage was required. Experience, and the contacts that came with it, for one; helpers, and plenty of logistical support from the home office, for another. (How does one man "cover" miles of wilderness in which 130,000 are struggling?) But the indispensable ingredient was courage—the kind of irrational devotion that led men like George Smalley of the *New York Tribune* and Charles Coffin of the *Boston Journal* to forget that they were risking their lives for \$25 a week as noncombatants who were supposed to be in the rear or, as a good many generals thought, at home.

What pushed them? Well . . .

When the *New York Herald's* big type-revolving presses began rolling out the news of Fort Sumter—of the bombardment that opened the war—there was such a crush of humanity outside the building that the police had to barricade the streets around Printing House Square. The issue of April 14, 1861, containing news of Major Anderson's surrender, sold 135,600 copies—"the largest issue of any newspaper that has ever been printed." The Civil War made the American newspaper. As Oliver Wendell Holmes put it for the 20 millions at home, "We must have something to eat, and the papers to read. Everything else we can do without. . . . Only bread and the newspaper we must have."

The press responded in ways that reshaped the whole of American journalism. Page One, which many papers had reserved for want ads (as the *Times* of London still does), became the main news page. Battles evoked multi-decked headlines that often ran halfway down Column One. "Extras" became the order of the day, the *New York Express* issuing so many that it was a standing joke among newsmen that no one had ever seen the *regular* edition. Sunday editions, hitherto almost unknown, sprouted in Boston, Chicago, New York and other Northern cities, and the railroads put on special "newspaper expresses" to deliver them. Stereotyping, a casting process for converting type forms into plates that could be duplicated so that several presses could run off an edition at a time, was perfected in the weeks after Fort Sumter to meet the

seemingly insatiable demand for papers.

No longer were people so concerned with what Horace Greeley had to say in his editorials. It was news they wanted—news from the battlefields of Virginia and Maryland, from Farragut's fleet, from Vicksburg, from wherever the far-flung struggle raged. In place of the likes of Greeley there emerged as the central figure of newspaperdom, an eager young man in his late 20's astride a tired horse, his saddlebags bulging with mackintosh, notebooks, Faber No. 2's, fieldglasses, pipe, sometimes potables, riding among the troupes with half an eye out for the provost marshal's men—the American reporter, Civil War style. Often Billy Yanks in the ranks would spot him and call out in friendly derision: "Hallooo-o Jenkins! . . . Give our captain a setting up, you sir! . . . Puff our colonel in your next letter! . . . Where's your pass, penny-a-liner? . . . Give me a good obituary!" The war correspondent became as much a part of their world as the cursing teamster, the bustling staff officer, the field telegraphers unwinding their big spools of wire, or Mathew Brady and his camera crews.

Officialdom did not know what to make of the correspondent. It was clear from the beginning that extensive accounts of war plans and troop movements in the Northern press would prove invaluable to the Confederates. The State Department, the Treasury Department and the War Department took turns at censoring telegraphic dispatches. Strict regulations were imposed on the issuance of passes, and Union generals repeatedly expelled reporters with or without them. General McClellan tried a system of voluntary censorship through what he called a "gentlemen's agreement." The War Department, a few days later, decreed hanging for those who wrote dispatches of value to the enemy, an order that was never enforced. Meade had a reporter drummed out of camp on the back of a mule, with "Libeler of the Press" placarded on him and a bugler blowing a dirge. Butler ordered a Boston reporter shackled with ball and chain and put to work in an exposed sector of the trenches for 60 days. Sherman branded Thomas Knox of the *New York Herald* "a spy and an infamous dog" and vented wrath upon reporters throughout the war. Fighting Joe Hooker, in an attempt to make those corresponding from his command more wary, decreed that every dispatch must carry

CONTINUED



### THE CIVIL WAR, CONTINUED

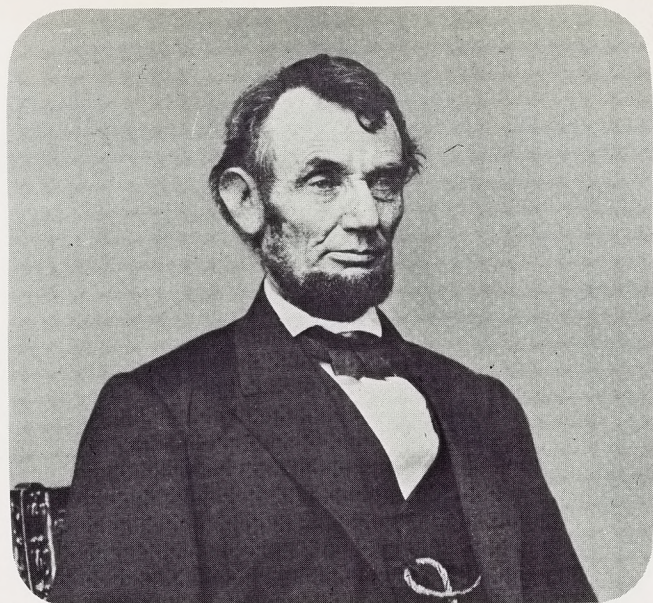
the author's name when it was printed—an order that helped to establish the byline in American journalism but was of little avail in advancing Hooker's cause.

Enterprising was the word for correspondents. The New York *Herald*, the largest newspaper in circulation and in volume of news—it often printed “triple sheets,” or 12-page editions, in a day when eight pages crammed with small type sufficed in New York and four everywhere else—spent more than half a million dollars in excess of its normal budget on war news. Frederic Hudson, the *Herald's* wonderfully competent managing editor, on occasion committed 16 men to a single battle. *Herald* correspondents were both loathed and envied by rivals. On the one hand they were accounted minions of that scabrous and scandalous old Scot, James Gordon Bennett, and not even Hudson's genius sufficed to hold men of character in Bennett's service for long. On the other *Herald* correspondents were, in the view of rivals, disgustingly well supported by the home office. They rode the best mounts, on cushioned McClellan saddles, with boots, spurs and twilled reins. In their plump saddlebags were bundles of greenbacks for bribing telegraph operators, purchasing favors and chartering special locomotives and an ample supply of liquid refreshment for helpful staff officers.

In the Army of the Potomac a *Herald* wagon was near when there was need for replenishment. Sylvanus Cadwallader, chief of *Herald* correspondents with the army when Grant took command, had a tented headquarters complete with a chef.

The rivalry between this organization, Greeley's *Tribune* and Henry J. Raymond's New York *Times* (youngest and smallest of the big three) produced most of the great beats of the war. Time and again Lincoln himself first learned of major battles not from the War Department's telegraph room, which he haunted, but from news reports. Thus it was with Shiloh, Antietam, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. After Shiloh, Frank Chapman of the *Herald* commandeered the telegraph at Fort Henry on the pretext that he was a staff officer. At Antietam George Smalley of the *Tribune*, after a wild night ride to the telegraph office in Frederick, Md., provided Lincoln and the world with the first coherent account of the battle. (His full account, scribbled aboard the train to New York, not only sold 55,000 extra *Tribunes* but reached England just in time to help dissuade the British cabinet from recognizing the Confederacy.)

The momentous news from Gettysburg came to the President and the public piecemeal from *Times*, *Herald*



*President Lincoln aided, relied on Civil War reporters.*

and *Tribune* reporters before the War Department was fully aware of what was happening. Indeed, Lorenzo Crounse of the *Times* may be charged with starting the whole accidental battle by reporting to General Reynolds that he had stumbled upon the foe. Jeb Stuart's cavalry had severed telegraph lines in the area a few days earlier. Lincoln was startled, therefore, by a long telegraphic dispatch from Hanover describing the first two days of conflict, signed “Byington” and addressed to the New York *Tribune*. Homer Byington, desperate to beat the *Herald's* horse relays, had hired a crew that restored the telegraph for the *Tribune's* exclusive use.

How did Lincoln look upon these brash young men? From the beginning of the war, when Dr. George Salter of the *Times* called to give an eyewitness account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Lincoln welcomed correspondents, asked questions, drew them out and invited them to come again whenever they returned from the fronts. Charles C. Coffin of the Boston *Journal* remembered his emerging once from a momentous conference with Grant at headquarters. Instantly the President greeted Coffin with a warm handshake and a question, “What news have you?” It was Lincoln's favorite query. Old Welles thought it deplorable. “It is an infirmity of the President,” he noted in his diary, “that he permits the little newsmongers to come around him and be intimate.”

The Presidential press conference was still a generation in the future, but Lincoln received Washington reporters almost daily. “The President likes to have them come,” one of his secretaries noted, “and meets them cordially.” He put them at ease, lounging in his chair and asking as many questions as he answered. (The answers, it was understood by custom, were not to be attributed to him; they were for background information.) A point his-





*Gen. Benjamin F. Butler had one correspondent shackled.*

torians have too little noted is that Lincoln smashed, once and for all, a practice of nearly 60 years' standing: that the administration should have its own pet newspaper, or "organ," in Washington for voicing its official views. The collection of Washington news became the free-for-all it has remained to this day.

Lincoln wanted, and knew he needed, all the support he could muster from every segment of the press. The open door helped to serve that end. To the same end Lincoln went out of his way to help reporters get passes from the terrible-tempered Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, and sought to mollify commanders who, like Sherman, were unduly harsh on the correspondents. Yet there was a higher purpose. Lincoln had called it "a people's war." The press made it so. Never before had a people been so conscious of the course of daily events. Never before had leaders attained flesh-and-blood reality in the minds of the millions.

In breathing life into names in the headlines, in making the dress, diet, mannerisms, offhand remarks and private lives of those names familiar in the remotest farm house, the press permanently altered the relationship between the leaders and the led in this country. It instilled a sense of participation for the millions at home, a sense of oneness in a nation that knew its leaders as it knew its cause—and that waited for the next edition.

Much might be said of the quality of Civil War correspondence from the fronts, but it is as well to be concise: Much of it ran the gamut from bad to terrible. The typical correspondent wrote in the first person, as if writing a letter to a friend, and with little discipline. "To God Almighty be the Glory!" one reporter began his battle dispatch. "Mine eyes have seen the work of the Lord, and the cause of the righteous hath triumphed." Managing

editor Charles A. Dana sent him a caustic reproof: "Hereafter, in sending your reports, please specify the number of the hymn and save telegraph expenses."

Yet for all of such deficiencies—and for all the good the Confederates were presumed to derive from them—it must be said that the best of Civil War correspondence compares favorably with the best war reporting since and that the examples of such reporting multiplied as the war progressed. Whitelaw Reid's lead on his famous 19,500-word dispatch from Shiloh (or Pittsburg Landing) doubtless would die on the rim of today's copy desk, but one might pause to read it before celebrating progress:

"Fresh from the field of the great battle, with its pounding and roaring of artillery, and its keener-voiced rattle of musketry sounding in my ears; with all its visions of horror still seeming seared upon my eyeballs, while scenes of panic-stricken rout and brilliant charges, and obstinate defences, and succor, and intoxicating success are burned alike confusedly and indelibly upon my brain, I essay to write what I know of the battle of Pittsburg Landing."

Some two dozen others among the 500 to 600 correspondents who took the field at one time or another during the war turned in work that reads as well today as the day it was written. The *New York Times* proved the point in paying tribute to one of them on the 100th anniversary of its receipt of his dispatch from Gettysburg. Sam Wilkeson wrote his story of the battle with the body of his eldest son lying beside him. The grandeur of that battle, and the pathos of it, lives in that dispatch. The *Times* ran it on Page One in 1963 as it had in 1863, this time with a picture of Sam Wilkeson.

Wilkeson, writing from the steaming swamps of the Chickahominy the year before as Lee and McClellan waged the first of the great campaigns in Virginia, best described what it took to be a reporter. He had been sent by his managing editor to salvage the situation for his paper, which was being beaten day after day, and he had seen his men sulking in the camps, whining about the lack of "comfort" or pretending sickness. Wilkeson had a few choice words for his M.E. about them and then wrote: "The work needs *first class men*: men of physical courage, intelligence, tact, patience, endurance, DEVOTION."

There are not many such, in any war. In the Civil War, there were some. They fought for, and established, the right to report—the right of the people to know. They brought the war vividly alive for their readers. And they endowed their calling with a rich legacy.



## WORLD WAR I

**I**t is nearly half a century since a small band of American newspapermen took their police press cards out of their hatbands and exchanged them for the green armband with the big red "C" that spelled out their switch from reporter to war correspondent. This conversion produced that handful of World War I correspondents who covered the bloodiest war of all—22,065,000 killed, wounded and missing!

From this paltry contingent—about 56 correspondents—sprang a whole new school of American writers who, over a span of three decades, left a clear imprint on literature, journalism and history.

Just as WW I itself was a unique and unbelievable war, the American correspondents were a unique and undisciplined aggregation. As Emmet Crozier put it in *American Reporters on the Western Front*, "They had something that gave freshness and vigor to their work. . . . They would not conform. No two were alike. . . ."

I always like to remind my younger colleagues in the war correspondent business that there were only about 36 reporters officially accredited to the American Expeditionary Force in World War I and another 20 or so designated as "visiting" correspondents (not to be confused with the "junketeers" of World War II). By comparison, in World War II the accreditations reached a staggering 1100. In Korea there were 350 and today's Vietnam registration is running well over 300!

For many of the accredited correspondents, World War I broke down into a prologue and two acts. The prologue was set in northern France and Belgium, and the actors were mainly French and British. Act I, as far as the American press

# SONS O'GUNS OF AUGUST

BY BURNET HERSHEY

FOUNDER-MEMBER, OPC

was concerned, consisted of the mass movement of men and supplies across the Atlantic, the baptism of fire and mud and the "long pause" until the curtain went up on Act II. *That* was the correspondents' big show—the American onslaught at Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel and the great climax, the Meuse-Argonne breakthrough.

How did so few cover a war that stretched from the English Channel to the Swiss Alps? What was the job itself like in comparison to World War II, 25 years later? Was the correspondent different from those of later generations?

Actually there was no basic difference, except maybe for the be-ribboned *pince-nez* a few wore, the cane and, of course, the Franco-philism.

Many of the reporters got off the

boat in France as green as the bogs of Normandy. They didn't know a V-massed line of attack from a right lateral pass formation.

The newly arrived correspondents divided their time between behind-the-line provincial hotels and the prefectorial jail's "transient" cells. They had a genius for appearing near the front or at official headquarters without permit or identification. They were thrust from the freezing contempt of the British to the doubtfully lesser evil of French brotherly pity.

Accreditations were difficult to obtain and strictly supervised. The routine was something like this:

"Bill Smith" of the "*Daily Press*" wanted accreditation to the headquarters of Gen. John J. Pershing and the American Expeditionary Force. First he had to go before the Secretary of War—or an authorized representative—and swear he would "convey the truth to the people of the United States" but refrain from disclosing facts that might prove disastrous if they fell into enemy hands. Next he was subjected to the heartbreaking strain of writing—longhand!—a biography of himself, his work, his experience, his character and his health. He also had to mention, more or less casually, what he intended to do in Europe once there. Then he, or his paper, had to shell out \$1000 to cover equipment and maintenance. As if that weren't enough, a \$10,000 bond had to be posted as a promise that Bill Smith would comport himself in a manner befitting a "gentleman of the press." If he was sent home for infraction of rules—and this happened to a half-dozen correspondents—the money was forfeited and given to a worthwhile charity.



*American World War I correspondents pulled into Neuſchateau, France, in a jaunty open car convoy.*



*Grim reminder, battle-torn Verdun stands as a testimonial to the heroism of the war correspondents of WW I as well as of the foot soldier.*



*Helmeted Burnet Hershey, author of the accompanying article, at French-Belgian G.H.Q. in France in 1918.*

The War Department also allowed the reporter to take an assistant—provided he paid an additional \$500 maintenance fee. He could also have his own, or his newspaper's, car.

There were only 19 correspondents accredited to French GHQ at Compiègne, among them fewer than five Americans, who shuttled between Pershing at Chaumont and Foch at Compiègne. An atmosphere of tragedy and doom pervaded the reporting from the French and British fronts, although the romantic and glamorous trappings were always present. A "press base" or "information headquarters" was always billeted in some fabulous villa or château where the wine cellar was intact and the kitchen was in full operation.

When the correspondents felt expansive they even invited a general or two to dine with them. Their menu was usually as good as or better than that of the Army brass. The correspondents had their own orderlies called "batmen"—combination valet-handyman-alarm clock. Sometimes there were even pretty waitresses. Their uniforms, which resembled the garb of a dozen musical comedy armies, also added to the joy of living. The correspondents all sported Sam Browne belts and were a constant ache to doughboys who mistook the correspondents for officers and were forever saluting.

Reporting World War I of course was not all crepes suzette and champagne. It was also a tough news-gathering and writing job. It was trudging through filthy trenches, sitting in dugouts, walking through miles of guns and risking sudden

CONTINUED



"strafes" as one sat in an elevated observation post waiting for counter-attacks. In between there were "facilities" to training camps, casualty clearing stations and briefings at Army Corps and Divisional Headquarters.

What all historians of that first great war agree on is that the correspondent who covered it probably saw more of the conflict than any two- or three-star general and certainly more than any World War II correspondent tied down to a unit. The late Webb Miller of United Press once described this all-encompassing view:

"During the Battle of the Ourcq, in which the Americans participated heavily, I was suddenly summoned to the front. It should have given me a supreme thrill. But actually it was dust and ashes. I felt like a gnat on a huge whirling flywheel. The war took place on such a stupendous scale that when you were close up to it your mind refused to grasp it. I felt bewildered and obsessed with a sense of futility. I saw only one tiny cog of a vast machine; it seemed almost impossible to integrate it with the thundering roar of the machine which sucked in hundreds of thousands of men, ground tens of thousands of them into bloody fragments and spewed back tens of thousands broken and bleeding."

In World War I, there were no Ernie Pyles to sift the mechanical and impersonal and come up with a GI Joe story. But that did not detract in any way from the compassion of the swashbuckling WW I reporter, who watched the wounded and dying men, the desolation and the ruin and the rubbish heaps of once-beautiful farms and villages.

Here, too, the broad canvas of ruin seemed to impress the reporter. Here is the way Philip Gibbs told it:

"Our life as war correspondents was not to be compared for a moment in hardness and danger and discomfort to that of the fighting men in the trenches. Yet it was not easy nor soft.

"We saw, more than most men, the wide sweep of the drama of war on the Western Front. The private soldier and the battalion officer saw the particular spot which he had to defend, knew in his body and soul the intimate detail of his trench, his dugout, the patch of No-Man's Land beyond his parapet, the stink and filth of his own neighborhood with death, the agony of his wounded pals. But we saw the war in a broader vision, on all parts of the front, in its tremendous mass effects as well as in particular places of abomination. Before battle we saw the whole organization of that great machine of slaughter. After battle we saw the fields of dead, the spate of wounded men, the swirling traffic of ambulances, the crowded hospitals, the herds of prisoners, the length and breadth of this frightful melodrama.

It was their ability actually to live at the front that produced such great reporting as Wythe Williams's coverage of the battle of Verdun—a reporting job that will live in the annals of war journalism long after many of the current tape recordings have lost their emulsion. The New York Times printed eight columns on how its correspondent, Wythe Williams, later founder-president of the Overseas Press Club, and his companion John Bass, Chicago Daily News, struggled six miles from

the Verdun citadel to Fort Douaumont under the terrifying "*rideau de fer*" (the original Iron Curtain), which was the highest and most effective form of shell warfare.

Douaumont was the Pickett's Charge of Verdun. On its final possession depended victory or defeat. French troops had recaptured it from the enemy. But no one knew whether its occupants were living or dead. Messengers sent to find out were killed. Yet these two young reporters got through to them. They found evidences of bravery they had thought existed only in the storybooks: men who looked like animated ghosts, who had not slept for a week and whose nerves were too numbed to break; an underground line well equipped with arms and lighted by German-made electricity, but undermanned, without hope of rescue or relief. All around them were caps and boots. Some of them were crushed and empty. Some of them were not empty. The field had been razed clear of every thing upright. After the war it was found that not even a tree stump remained standing within a six-mile radius of Verdun. But Douaumont remained. Because the two reporters somehow got back to the Verdun citadel in time to give an accurate report of conditions at the fort, fresh troops were sent at once, and enough got through to hold it. And Verdun was the turning point of the war.

Williams is gone now. So is John Bass, and only six of that hardy band of 36 survive.

As my favorite war veteran taxicab driver quoted: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

Hey, McNamara, why are you holding up my Vietnam AGO card?



# True or false?

Can you pick all 9 true statements in this quiz?

(No time limit—but no help from your spouse or a 12-year-old boy who happens to know everything.)

1. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> *Coca-Cola* and *Ford* are the two best known trademarks in the world. If you think it's true, check the space under "T."

2. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for furniture, wall coverings and sporting goods.

3. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> We manufacture both color and black and white TV sets, refrigerators, radios, automatic washers and dryers, air conditioners, phonographs, ranges and home freezers. (Need extra help on this one? Philco Corporation is a Ford subsidiary.)

4. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> Our Philco scientists have developed an electronic print reader that can read 15,000 words a minute. (That's about one novel every 10 minutes.)

5. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> The planet Mars was approximately 134 million miles from Earth when Mariner IV passed it in midsummer, 1965. The first pictures ever taken of Mars were relayed from Mariner IV by a Philco-built antenna from a distance of 150 million miles. True or false?

6. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> The trend in women's fashions is to shorter skirts. Ford of Paris has created a new collection of sports-car clothes for Mustang-minded women.

7. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> In order to track satellites moving through space at 17,500 miles per hour—Ford's Philco subsidiary has built some of the world's largest antennas that move in 2 directions at one time.

8. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> Most of the major safety devices on today's cars were pioneered by Ford. These include seat belts, safety glass, padded instrument panels, deep-dish steering wheels and safety door locks.

9. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> American astronauts traveled more than 3 million miles in their historic flight last August. Ford's Philco scientists designed and provided most of the equipment for Gemini Control at NASA's Mission Control Center, Houston, Texas.

10. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> On an average day, U. S. Post Office Department handles more than 200 million letters and packages. Zip-coding speeds delivery. Ford's Philco subsidiary has developed a machine that can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.

11. ☐ <sup>T</sup> ☐ <sup>F</sup> Ford manufactures the following cars in the United States: Mustang, Bronco, Falcon, Fairlane, Ford, Comet, Stutz Bearcat, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

ANSWERS: "Mustang" is our wild little pony—but give us time. And the nearest thing we make to a "bearcat" is our wild little pony—Mustang. False: Numbers 6 and 11. We don't make Paris fashions yet—but give us time.





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# NAMES THAT SEAR



*Place and war to remember: U.S. troops fire at Germans, Normandy, WW II.*

**T**wo decades and two wars later, some names still sear:

El Alamein and Tobruk . . . Oran and Algiers . . . Kasserine Pass . . . Palermo and Salerno, the Rapido, Anzio and Monte Cassino . . . St. Lô and the Failaise Gap . . . Bastogne and the Bulge . . . the bridge at Remagen . . . the drives—in the north from Berlin; in the center for Pilsen, falling short of Prague; in the south for the rumored Great Redoubt in the Bavarian Alps where Hitler hopped from his Eagle's Nest to wrest final victory. There was no Redoubt—and he didn't.

In memory, names tumble about feverishly: Operation Torch, Operation Overlord, Operation Dragoon . . . Eisenhower, Bedell Smith, Mark Clark . . . Iron Mike O'Daniel . . . Omar Bradley . . . Toohey Spaatz . . . George S. Patton . . . Tony McAuliffe and his "Nuts!" to a demand for surrender.

\* \* \*

This was the ETO.

This was SHAEF.

In a growing alphabetical lexicon, this was APO . . . MP's . . . POW's . . . DP's . . . SNAFU and SOL . . . GI . . . PX.

It was the briefing room in London . . . the apprehensive wait on the B-17 bases for the men and planes to come back from the daylight raids on Schweinfurt, Regensburg, Berlin.

It was quick trips down from London to the Fortress bases and to the fighter bases in England for the adventure story, the hometown names and addresses to flesh out the communiqués. It was studying maps and enemy claims and, of course, writing interpretives on grand military strategy.

It was dinner on metal trays in the sprawling officers' mess in the

**WORLD WAR II / BY A. I. GOLDBERG**

ASSOCIATED PRESS



Grosvenor Hotel basement or at the Junior Officers' Club in South Audley Street, where you dined off china . . . It was picking your way through the brave Londoners bedded down for the night on the platforms of the underground, sheltered first against the air raids, later against the buzz bombs, later still against the rockets that have become a commonplace in weaponry.

For those reporters who had come through the fighting in northern Africa and then went in on the invasion to pierce Europe's "soft underbelly" in the Italian boot, siege and foxholes were not new. Hal Boyle had come merrily across the deserts with prankish correspondents distributing leaflets calling on Arabs to "Vote for Hal the Arabs' pal." Ernie Pyle brooded and twisted and struggled through Italy to write down what he felt the GI was feeling.

For a host of men—and women—gathered in London to report the final drive across the channel, front-line experience still was to come.

Meantime, you ducked buzz bombs, played poker games, shot craps, went to daily briefings.

Two things stood out, at first, in the ETO operation: among the hundreds of correspondents assigned to cover this war, there were scores of women reporters; and this was the first war in which radio and instant communication played such a great role.

At home, before the U.S. got into the battle, we hung on the voices of Quent Reynolds and Ed Murrow to hear how the Battle of Britain was going. We listened on shortwave to the frenzied exhortations and the answering cheers of Nazi assemblages at Nuernberg. We heard Winston Churchill's bulldog defiance.

As the buildup came for what we

knew had to be the final answer—V-E Day—we waited for the 9 o'clock BBC News in London, or in the countryside, or in Italy, for the official picture of how the battle was going.

World War I antedated radio coverage—and this was not yet war on television.

This was not the first war in which brave photographers had gone into the field to tell the story first and in pictures. But it was the first in which so many were deployed and over so broad a front.



*Eisenhower to paratroopers before D-Day: "Full victory, nothing else."*

It was the first war in which women reporters in such numbers went to the field of battle. For the morale of the people at home, they were after not only the hometown angle but the women's angle—and their reporting was topnotch.

\* \* \*

ETO was driving through the Normandy hedgerows, drinking Calvados, trying out fractured French, eating K-rations out of a messkit, setting up in quickly moving Forward Press Camps, finally making it into the Ho-

tel Scribe in Paris which had been vacated only a few hours before by German newsmen and PRO's.

You remember the French in Paris showing ill-concealed fear of a Nazi breakthrough in the Ardennes, the apprehension over a rumor that Otto Skorzeny and 50 of his agents in U.S. officers' uniforms were trying to get into Paris to assassinate Eisenhower.

You headed for Saverne, below Strasbourg, five minutes from the shooting front, for the press camp in the schoolhouse to speed your copy to New York. In 15-below-zero weather you covered the Bulge spillover into Hagenau Forest, ducked 88 shells, saw the 14th Armored decimated.

You went to the Rhine, cutting the inside corner of the Siegfried Line with the 36th, along with that fine broth of a photographer Jim Pringle, to be with first division in the Army to reach that border.

Dennis Johnston, that lanky Irishman who had come across nine rivers from Jordan in following the wars for BBC—and now teaches drama at Smith—was with you as a 103rd Div. housing officer ordered Richard Strauss out of his villa at Oberammergau and a cultural officer from Texas countermanded it.

You had written the story before of Goering's fake Vermeers, the discovery of the hypodermic syringes for drugs on his special train. You listened to him argue that if the Fuehrer had given him more money for planes instead of sinking it on VI and V2 rockets he could have brought England to her knees. You asked him why else Germany lost the war and with some cunning he capsuled the reason: Germany did not expect that U.S. civilians could produce war ma-

*CONTINUED*



## NAMES THAT SEAR

terial in the short time they did. This was a soldier's grudging tribute to the soldiers who labored on the homefront.

I reminded him that early in the war he had told the Germans that if the Allies bombed Berlin they could call him "Meyer." I asked him if I could call him "Meyer" now.

This, then, was the first confrontation by an American and a British reporter of one of the Nazi hierarchy. There were to be others: Kesselring, on a terrace with Gen. Maxwell Taylor; a snivelling Robert Ley denying his identity until a CID man clinched it; war criminals by the pairs hauled out of Alpine hiding places.

The ETO was at an end and the war moved to the Orient. The PX continued, and so did the APO and the DP's—and the SNAFU's.

You tried, and succeeded despite Soviet Army bayonets, to get into Vienna and Budapest to report for the first time how those cities had fared and to fill in details of the political splits looming among the Allies.

Si Friedin and Marguerite Higgins and others were bounced off the accredited list for a short time because they went into Berlin unauthorized. There was a hint of this, for a short time, on the Vienna-Budapest adventure. But nothing came of it.

Along the way there were things like these: You saw early in the war the birth of that present-day utensil, the tape recorder; the first one magnetized wire thread to record plane crew conversations in action to supplement postflight interrogations.

You remember the sergeant who told Leni Riefenstahl she'd have to get out of her villa and his answer, when she protested she was a famous movie actress: "Lady, I never heard of you."

You went in after a firefight and found Leon Jouhaux chatting nonchalantly with Edouard Daladier. You emptied your tobacco pouch for Daladier's pipe, had a round of talks with Paul Reynaud, General Weygand, General Gamelin, De Gaulle's sister, Michel Clemenceau and that old Cagoulard, Colonel La Roque.

You had seen the corpses at Landsberg and the horrors of Dachau, already described by Louie Lochner while you were down south. But 24 hours after these human skeletons had been freed, you found a curious portent of a divided world to come: within that time, with the bodies of German camp guards still festering on the road outside and with bodies stacked high alongside the furnaces, there were festooned on the Dachau huts huge scarlet banners spelling out in gold thread no less: "Remember Ernst Thaelmann," a Communist hero in Germany.

With all respect for my first profession, I have found out in 45 years newspapering that if you want to know what's going on, ask the Photo desk. It was the Photo boys on V-E Day who let drop the tip that the 36th was looking for Goering.

A washed-out bridge prevented BBC's Ian Wilson and me from getting down to Kitzbuehel that night, but we were in there next morning, standing at the door of the Grand Hotel, Dahlquist's headquarters, when a convoy drew up. General Stack ushered out Goering—baton, white gloves, medals—and up we went to Dahlquist's quarters. He peeled off his gloves, showing a bandaid on a thumb.

You heard a violinist playing the Wieniawski violin concerto behind a dungpile in a German barn and found

out he was from the viola section of the Cleveland Symphony.

You asked the common question: "Where you from, fellow?" and he told you and asked where you were from and what in the hell you were doing beside a foxhole half-filled with water. And you told him you were there to report to the folks at home what he was doing. "You mean you're not here by orders?" he demanded. Nope, you weren't. "Boy, you must have a hole in the head," he replied.

You talked to the doctor in the field hospital within sound of the artillery, and he explained that the war was having some benefit: his staff in a few days handled more chest surgery cases than a dozen doctors would get to treat in a lifetime.

You wearied of the Germans who told you, "We didn't know what was going on."

That was the ETO for one reporter.

Louie Lochner, who had won a Pulitzer Prize for his prewar reporting from Berlin, had a jeep shot out from under him in the Schwarzwald. Otto Tolischus was another to win a Pulitzer.

The whole corps of reporters was cited for the 1941 Pulitzer. Larry Allen got it for his feat in 1942 in surviving the sinking of a British battleship in the Mediterranean, Ira Wolfert in 1943 for reporting on the Solomons. Pyle and Boyle, Dan De Luce and Mark Watson, Hanson Baldwin and Bill Mauldin and Homer Bigart all wear the badge.

In my own outfit, I still can't think of Bede Irwin or Joe Morton or Witt Hancock as dead. Or Ernie Pyle. The records say they were killed in action. But add them to the list of the names that sear, two wars and two decades later.



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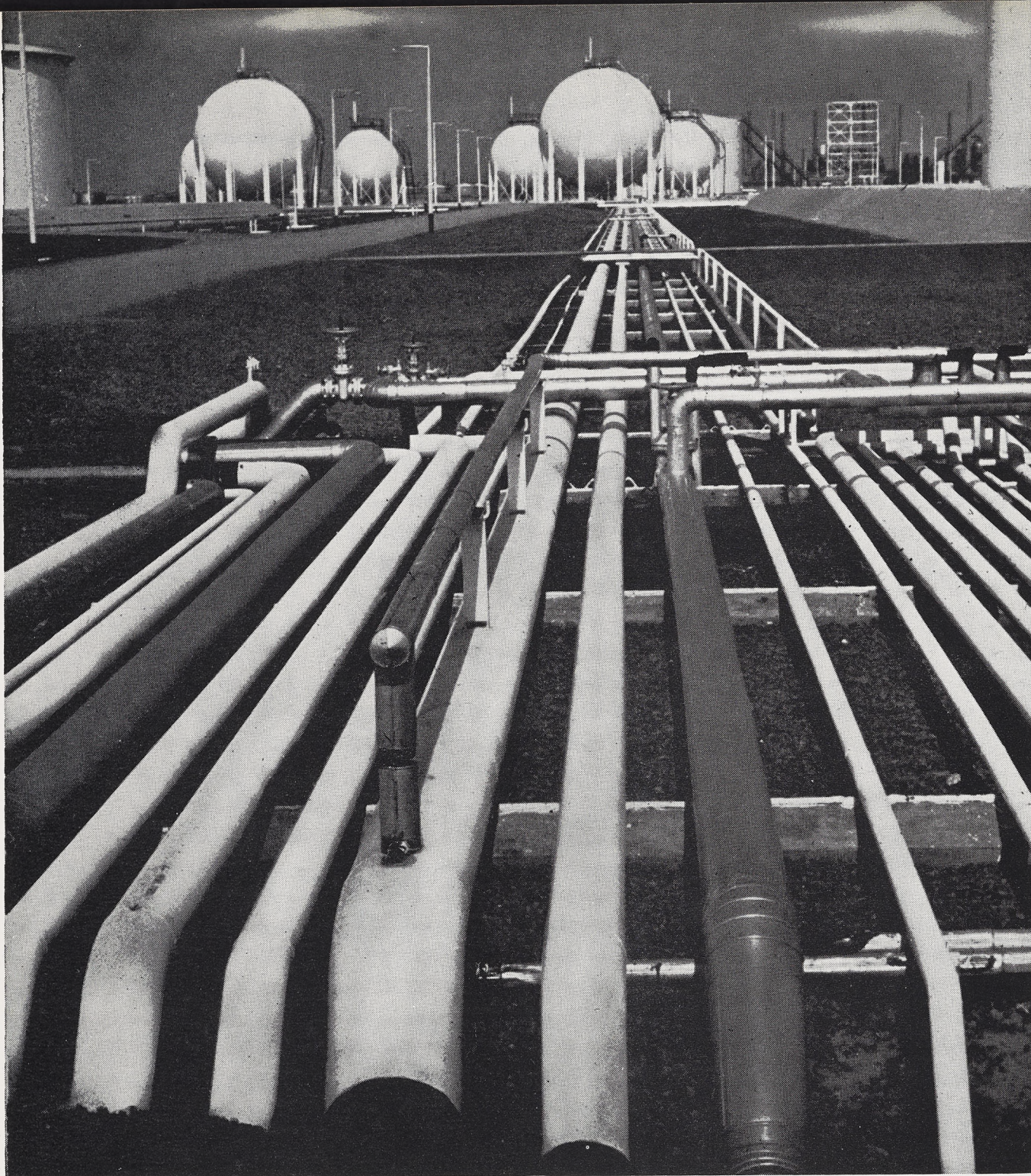
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**W**e sacked out early that first night on Tarawa because truth to tell there wasn't anything else for war correspondents to do, unless it was to pray. On our section of the beach we had a slender toehold behind the seawall; beyond, there was nothing but the Japanese, and we fully expected them to descend on the Marines' beach-head any time after dark.

As we shoveled ourselves a hole in the sand, I said to my foxhole mate, William Hipple of the AP, "Well, Bill, it hasn't been such a bad life."

"Yeah," said Bill, "but I'm so damned young to die."

This was no flip remark; he had scant hope that we would survive the night. Bill had seen plenty of

violence since he trudged 700 yards through the surf that morning beside the battalion commander, who was drilled through the forehead about 50 feet short of the beach. It was like that all day; 100 bullets to the right, 100 to the left. Under such circumstances one realizes that the dividing line between the quick and the dead is very thin in this type of warfare. The line never looked thinner than it did in the dusk of November 20, 1943.

We counted it a miracle that the Japanese counterattack never came and that we were privileged to see the sunrise of November 21. We were even more surprised to learn that all the eight correspondents covering the invasion lived through Tarawa's ter-

rible 76 hours ("My God! Are you still alive?"). Some of them had had rough going. Frank Filan, the AP photographer, ruined his Graflex wading in. He had to return to his ship and borrow another camera, which meant two landings instead of one. He deserved his Pulitzer Prize, possibly the only one ever achieved with a borrowed camera.

Most of us had been covering the war for quite a while; it was almost two years old by the time of Tarawa. But Gilbert Bundy, an artist on assignment for Hearst, was brand-new to the Pacific, and what happened to him shouldn't happen to a man in his first battle—or any other time. As his landing boat approached the shore, it received a direct hit, prob-

# TARAWA TO TOKYO

*Bodies of U.S. Marines litter sand and water on Tarawa beach. Japanese met invasion with devastating fire.*





ably from a Japanese mortar. Everybody in the boat was killed or blown into the water except Bundy. After several hours of living with the dead, Bundy jumped out and swam to another boat. As he crawled into it he found that it, too, was full of dead Marines, but by then it was dark and he stayed through an eerie night.

Hipple himself had very awkward luck. By the end of the third day, when the battle was almost over, we all decided we'd better do some writing, since we had learned that a flying boat would arrive next day to take our copy back to Pearl Harbor for filing. (It would be more than a year before there would be a communications ship for handling correspondents' copy from a beachhead.) The

only sensible thing for us to do was to take a boat out to a ship, borrow a typewriter and get to work. This we did. But Hipple's choice of ships was faulty. The first thing he did after going on board was to bathe. Perhaps he hoped to cleanse himself of the memory as well as of the stench of 5000 bodies (ours and theirs) in an area less than half the size of Central Park. But as Hipple was merrily soaping himself in the shower, he heard the rumble of the ship's engines. Sure enough, the captain had orders to haul his shipload of wounded out of there. He carried a noisily complaining Hipple with him, and the AP got scooped on the first eyewitness accounts—published seven days after the landing—of the

bloodiest battle we had fought up to that time.

Tarawa marked the opening of a unique campaign. The indispensable ingredient was the *Essex*-class aircraft carrier, which began to appear in quantity in 1943. The carriers had the responsibility not only to rid the area of naval opposition but also to soften up the island to be invaded. Under cover of bombs and naval gunfire the assault troops moved ashore in amphibian tractors to wipe out the remaining enemy opposition. (The trouble at Tarawa was the inadequacy of bombs, gunfire and the am-tracs, which were being used for the first time.) In the months that followed, as we sailed through the Gilberts, the Marshalls and the Marianas, we found that quite a lot of enemy remained. By the time we reached the Palaus in September 1944, we really appreciated the ability of the Japanese to dig in, and at Iwo Jima in February 1945, where the Third, Fourth and Fifth Marine Divisions took nearly 25,000 casualties, we began to suspect that no amount of bombing and shelling could really hurt them.

The British military historian, Maj. Gen. J. F. C. Fuller, designated this island-hopping "in all probability . . . the most far-reaching tactical innovation of the war." General Mac-

*CONTINUED*

## WORLD WAR II / BY ROBERT SHERROD

SATURDAY EVENING POST



*Snarlingly facing death, two Marines return enemy attack with carbine and hand grenade from bunker on beach.*



## TARAWA, CONTINUED

Arthur didn't like anything about this Central Pacific theater. "Island-hopping . . . is not my idea of how to end the war as soon and as cheaply as possible," he announced two months before Tarawa. The general insisted we should throw all this military might into his own theater, along the New Guinea-Philippines axis.

But by then the decision had been made to barrel down the middle of the Pacific, too, and we set out on this peculiarly American type of war. Though it was fought with the finest modern weapons, in the end we relied on the man with the rifle to win it.

Two months after Tarawa we invaded Kwajalein in the Marshalls; Eniwetok fell three weeks later. Four months after the Marshalls we began the seizure of the three Marianas Islands that would become the B-29 bases: Saipan, Guam and Tinian. Two months after the Marianas came Pelelieu and Angaur, a flank operation

that would protect MacArthur's landings in the Philippines. In February 1945, we needed Iwo Jima as a base from which fighters could reach Japan and as a halfway rescue point for the B-29's bombing Japan (before the war ended more than 2000 B-29's made emergency landings on Iwo). The correspondents covering Iwo left before the fighting ended because Okinawa, the last stop before Japan, was coming up.

Only 16 months elapsed between the invasion of Tarawa and the landing on Okinawa 3600 miles to the northwest. During that time we fought five campaigns and captured about 100 islands, most of them tiny chunks of coral covered with sand.

For the war correspondent island-hopping had a lot to be said for it. Between battles he could ride the aircraft carriers, retreat to Pearl Harbor and rewrite communiqués or go home and rest for the next show.

The amphibious invasions marked the peaks, of course. Here was the payoff, where success depended on split-second timing and the raw courage of the troops.

To the war correspondents, whose numbers grew as we marched steadily across the Pacific, the inside of a landing boat became as familiar as the kitchen shelf. There never was another shocker like Tarawa; after that the Navy and Marine Corps furnished us with transportation all the way to the beach. But the Japanese did a lot of shooting at the amtracs at Saipan and Pelelieu. At Iwo for the most part they withheld their fire until we got ashore, and then they poured it on until the whole island seemed to erupt. At Okinawa on Easter Sunday, 1945, we expected the most formidable beachhead opposition of the war, but the Japanese, who were always springing surprises, let us ashore without a shot being

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fired. Before the battle ended they were to kill 12,500 Americans and wound 45,000 others.

The Japanese character could not have been more alien to us if they had been Martians, as anyone who ever went through a battle's-end *ban-zai* charge will testify. It was the same in the air. Nothing in our own military traditions had prepared us for the kamikaze campaign, which was devastatingly successful: 174 ships hit off the Philippines, 270 off Okinawa. If the Japanese pilots had started these suicide attacks earlier—at Guadalcanal, say—the war in the Pacific would have been longer in the winning.

Here was the most frightening new development of the last year of the war, yet censorship prohibited us from writing a word about it—sensibly, I suppose, since we didn't want to give the Japanese any certainty about their success (dead kamikazes told no tales). When Admiral Nimitz finally released the news, six months after the kamikaze attacks started, it was buried in the newspapers because Franklin D. Roosevelt died an hour or two after the release.

At least one correspondent, William Chickering of Time-Life, who was covering MacArthur's Luzon landings from the battleship *New Mexico*, was killed by a kamikaze. It was my own luck to shift from the aircraft carrier *Ticonderoga* to the *Essex* just before the *Ti* was hit by two kamikazes that killed 143 sailors and wounded 202 others.

A few weeks later I thought John Lardner and I finally were going to be done in. We wanted to go from the command ship *Eldorado* to the *Panamint*, and we hopped on board an LCVP containing 25 soldiers headed in that direction. A twin-en-



*On withered, smoke-shrouded Tarawa, a Marine (center) stands unconcerned beside pack howitzer with bullet hole through his helmet. He was unhurt.*

gined kamikaze plane came diving over the hills of Okinawa, seemingly aimed straight at our small boat. Ten or 15 of our ships opened up with their 20-mm and 40-mm anti-aircraft guns and finally brought it down about 100 yards from our position. To our horror a piece of one of the engines started skipping across the water directly toward us—a kamikaze *in extenso*, you might say—and it seemed certain that the big chunk of metal would hit our boat and tear it to pieces. The projectile missed by a few feet.

Lardner had caught a bullet at Iwo Jima without knowing what hit him. As a matter of fact, he insisted that a bullet had hit a rock that propelled it his way. ("That's what I get for writing that the Japanese are suckers for a fast ball," he said, con-

templating the big bruise on his groin.) The bullet came out at Lardner's knee several months after the war was over.

As a group, we civilian war correspondents led a life of unbelievable good fortune during the Central Pacific campaign—far luckier than our colleagues in the Philippines where, besides Chickering, four were killed (three of them by a single bomb on Leyte). Two of us, Raymond Clapper, the columnist, and John Cashman of INS, died in plane accidents. But only two were killed by enemy gunfire in the whole bloody procession from Tarawa through Okinawa: Ernie Pyle at Ie Shima and the Australian photographer, Damien Parer, at Peleliu. Considering the risks involved, the chances taken, this constitutes a remarkable survival record.









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# KOREA

## ALONG THE 38TH PARALLEL

### BY ANSEL TALBERT

FLIGHT SAFETY FOUNDATION

On Sunday, June 25, 1950, around 4 A.M., a Communist North Korean Army of 150,000 men equipped with Soviet-built tanks and automatic weapons suddenly crossed the 38th Parallel and began a ruthless invasion of South Korea.

The Communist attack was a stunning surprise, both in the southern part of the Land of the Morning Calm and in Washington.

Nonetheless, things began to happen fast. President Truman ordered American planes, warships and ground forces into action. Russia at the time had a mad on at the UN Security Council and was boycotting its meeting. This enabled the Security Council to resolve that the invasion was a breach of peace that should be opposed by the UN.

The day after the invasion, a considerable exodus from newspaper, wire service, magazine, radio and TV offices already was underway. It included *Newsweek* senior editor Hal Lavine, a close friend, and many a famous name from World War II coverage—Hal Boyle of the Associated Press, Homer Bigart, then with the New York *Herald Tribune*, the late Ralph Teatsorth of United Press, Phil Potter of the Baltimore *Sun*, Bob Considine of the Hearst newspapers, Carl Mydans of *Life*, Ed Murrow of CBS, Frank Holeman of the New York *Daily News* and more. From London came Randolph Churchill of *The Daily Telegraph*, and Frank Owen of *The Daily Mail*.

Within two days, four American reporters stationed in Tokyo arrived by air in Seoul, landing between North Korean air attacks. They were

in World War II and we really need somebody on the spot to write about military and aviation happenings. Don't let us down. Go on out for, say, a month and then come on home and get married . . . Homer Bigart, Maggie Higgins and you will make a great team. I'm sure your fiancée will understand. . . ."

My fiancée had great difficulty understanding, but the next day I was on my way to Tokyo.

The importance of Tokyo in coverage of the Korean War was enormous. In Korea, the major problems were communications and infiltrators.

Time after time you found yourself with a Page One eyewitness story and no way to get it back to the U.S. Some of the best war stories never got filed or had grown stale by the time of arrival.

A story filed at Radio Tokyo, if sent "Urgent Rate," would be in Los Angeles or New York within an hour, sometimes within minutes. But a story given to the U.S. Army in Korea might take 24 hours or even a week by Army teletype. It might never show up or it might show up without a lead and several adds.

If you had a good story, you almost always tried to thumb a flight back to Tokyo and filed from there.

Later, Press Wireless opened an office in Seoul, permitting direct wireless communications with the states.

Up front the problem of communications was second in importance only to the problem of survival. There was the constant danger that you might be cut off by infiltrators. The North Koreans, much in the manner of the Viet Cong today,



*In frozen Korea: U.S. Marines carry a litter patient for air evacuation.*

the late Marguerite Higgins of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Frank Gibney of *Time*, Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* and Burton Crane of the New York *Times*.

My own departure came a week later. I was scheduled to be married in three weeks and my future wife's family already had come from Arizona for the ceremony. It impressed my managing editor not at all.

"Ed," he said, "my hunch is it certainly will be over out there in a month at the outside. You were an Air Force combat intelligence officer



would masquerade as peasants or refugees, and the UN forces would suddenly find themselves being attacked from the rear. You knew the enemy was brutal, and if you were caught you were not to be treated hospitably.

Almost immediately there developed a competition of heroic proportions between my associates, Homer Bigart and Marguerite Higgins.

Both Homer and Maggie were exceptionally talented, courageous and resourceful, and both were motivated by a burning compulsion to go where the biggest news was, regardless of danger, to get a story.

Basically, Homer, as the *Herald Tribune's* outstanding war correspondent, resented—with some justification—having his own paper confront him with a free-wheeling competitor in the field during the toughest and most dangerous assignment of his career. Marguerite, on the other hand, felt—also with some justification—that she was on the ground first. Most of all she resented deeply having her womanhood held against her as a news gatherer. She wanted to show the Army brass, the *Herald Tribune* and everybody else that a woman could be as good a war correspondent as anybody else.

Ordered out of Korea by the military after she had filed a series of excellent early invasion dispatches, she played her cards so expertly that General MacArthur felt moved personally to invite her back—to show that the UN command was not against womanhood.

A firm and competent hand in the home office could have solved the

situation in 30 seconds—because there was enough news to go around—but by this time the “feud” was being reported and written about. It dawned on somebody back home that it was selling newspapers.

In Korea the situation provided an outlet for some humor—at the principals’ expense. One correspondent bribed a group of Korean urchins to learn an English phrase and chant it outside Homer’s billet at a time when he needed sleep. The chant: “Homer loves Maggie! Homer loves Maggie! Homer loves Maggie!”

The story had a happy ending. Neither got killed or maimed, a miracle in view of the risks they took. Both won Pulitzer Prizes. Both ended up respecting each other. “She certainly made me work like hell,” Homer said.

Right after Inchon, when everybody thought the war was won, most of the original group of correspondents headed home. They were near complete exhaustion. By the time the Chinese Communists crossed the Yalu on Nov. 26, 1950, and drove a human wedge into the UN forces, I was one of the few of the “old guard” still around. I was preparing to return home for my postponed wedding when *Herald Tribune* foreign editor Frank Kelley asked me to take one more look and write it.

The new development confused some correspondents, and they wrote stories announcing positively that the UN forces would withdraw from Korea. I knew we would fight until driven out. After verifying my information beyond any possible doubt, I decided to go into the mountains

at the farthest outpost facing the Communists to report what was going on. Atop a high peak, I joined two volunteer American military personnel, sending back by radio information on frontline targets for the Air Force.

It was a good personal experience story and I was anxious to file. But on my return to Seoul I was surprised to find that 8th Army headquarters had moved out. I thumbed a ride south and finally found headquarters, completely blacked out and in some understandable confusion.

I got the story passed by the censors, arranged to send it back to Tokyo and began to think about food. I hadn’t eaten for more than 24 hours. The night was moonless and black, but a sergeant pointed me in the direction of the mess tent. “Just start walking thataway, sir, and before long something will hit you right in the face.” Before long something did hit me in the face. It was the bottom of a wide, eight-foot-deep shelter trench.

I was out cold for an undetermined period. When I came to and dragged myself out, I felt an excruciating pain in my left leg. It wasn’t until a month later that I learned I had broken my leg in four places.

The injury depressed me greatly until I thought of friends who wouldn’t be going home at all and of Hal Faber of the *New York Times*, who lost a leg. The war in Korea was unique in many respects, and one of these was the death rate among correspondents—higher than in any other war in history. “I’m lucky as hell,” I thought, “and I’m finally going home.”



## Dateline for Tomorrow

There are more people, more things to read, to do, to buy, more records to be kept than ever before in history.

Today, scientists gather more information on the atmosphere of Mars in one pass of a rocket probe than was gathered in all the preceding centuries. Oceanographers mapping the ocean floor take up to 930,000 depth soundings every week. Each day, a half-million figures on temperature, humidity and wind velocity pour into the Washington office of the U.S. Weather Bureau.

Numbers by themselves are useless. To become meaningful, they must be analyzed and interpreted, often by mathematical equations. Solving such equations manually could take mathematicians several years.

But man has developed a machine to help him understand his discoveries. It can count and store millions of items of information. It can sort and compare data. It can solve complex mathematical equations.

It is, of course, the electronic computer.

People in hundreds of fields have found new ways to apply the computer. Municipal governments use computers for crime detection. Farmers using computers to analyze the feed and characteristics of their dairy herds have increased milk production by 50%.

In studies of the nervous system, biologists have used computers to analyze the reactions of a fly to light. Scholars studied the positions of Stonehenge's great arches and formed a new theory about their purpose, after computing the course of the sun and moon 3,500 years ago. And the startling progress made in space exploration would hardly have been possible without computers.

Today, men are at work on new ideas for using the computer in education, in medicine, literature, science, in more and more areas of business, industry and government.

What is a computer? Simply a machine, but a machine with infinite promise for the future, a future that will be fulfilled by the ingenuity and imagination of man.

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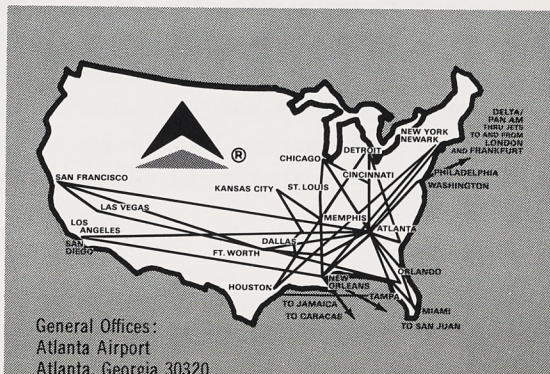
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# TELEVISION COVERS THE WAR

BY ARTHUR SYLVESTER

ASST. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS

In the not so dim past, pictures might be used to illustrate a newspaper story or "brighten up" a Sunday supplement, but they could hardly be called an editor's stock-in-trade. News came from a good story sense, legwork, pencil stubs and old Underwoods, and electronics were confined to 110 volts DC and the yellow glow from a light bulb over a reporter's desk. Copy readers wore green eyeshades rather than earphones, and the word "monitor" reminded you of a Boston newspaper or a duel between ironclads. It was a copy editor's, not a picture editor's, world.

Radio, of course, changed things. It brought news into the home immediately, and those wonderful remote pickups gave the listener something of the reporter's own sense of excitement. Yet the change was largely one of immediacy. You got the news faster and the words were spoken rather than read, but there was still a man behind the news. He could point up the details, but he made them a part of the whole story. Some of the most exciting broadcasts of those days were when the man on the spot put the events he had witnessed into perspective.

But after the war—in the late 1940's—something happened. The first television sets started flickering.

Like all new inventions TV, at the beginning, was a curiosity. You put a picture in here, and it came out there. The miracle was far more fascinating than the content. People were amazed and then captured.

In 1946 there were only 10,000 television sets in the United States. At the outbreak of the Korean war there were 4 million. Today, dramatic scenes of the war in Vietnam are being seen on more than 67 million

television sets in American homes. The average man can now be an eyewitness to history.

On the whole, television has done an excellent and courageous job in reporting the war. Some of the reports have been absolutely first-rate. Men have taken their cameras into the jungles and the paddies, into the maelstrom of the fighting, to capture the terrible reality of combat.

Yet what is it precisely that the viewer at home actually sees? Is the picture as he gets it the same picture that it was to the cameraman who took it, or to the film editor who selected the clips, or to the newsman who finally interpreted it? Is the picture the same as that seen by the soldier who actually experienced the reality? What actually *did* happen, and what was the context? If the viewer could see what is to the right or left, would the picture have the same effect?

Since 58 percent of the American public today relies upon television as its chief news source, these questions are hardly philosophical.

I don't envy the cameraman in Vietnam. Conditions in the field are hot, humid and generally miserable. They are dangerous, too. Under normal

conditions it's not easy to use a news camera well. Imagine, then, the problem when someone is shooting at you. Television crews have not only themselves but also their heavy equipment to worry about.

Yet no matter how far he travels, no matter how widely he may range, a man and his camera are limited to one place at one time.

The cameraman may attach himself to the lead element of a column, waiting for the action to begin. He knows that it will be impossible for his 50- or 135-mm "eyes" to see everything. And he has only so much film. Although he can swing his camera a full 360 degrees, he knows he is still limited to his line of sight. Presumably he does not philosophize upon the action, nor does he interpret it. Presumably he will simply record it on film.

When suddenly the action does begin, he has his hands full. Since he can't film everything, he naturally is going to go after the most dramatic pictures.

The very fact that he can't shoot everything, that he is forced to select, now makes him an editor as well as a cameraman. It is not all editing in the newspaper copy sense. It is editing to the extent that you push the button when your viewfinder shows you something you want to record. It is editing to the extent that what lies beyond the cameraman's camera range, beyond his line of sight, does not exist, for he cannot record it on his film.

If the men around him are being shot up, that is what he records. Yet while he is covering this particular action, it may well be that the column behind the lead company, the units on the flanks, are moving in unop-



posed. The casualties have been only up front—the column is quite intact.

And while he shows Vietnamese civilians huddled in fear, trying to avoid the shooting, the civic action that will be taking place in this village shortly afterward probably will not be recorded because he continues to move “where the action is.” That the overall action may have been light, the village secured and help on its way are beyond the range of his camera. Risking his neck, he has shown a small action out of the context of the whole.

Now the viewer comes on stage. The film taken at such cost and effort is finally flashed upon those 67 million American television sets. The viewer makes his own judgments.

The nature of that judgment is important. Pictures have an impact words seldom have. They are immediate, vivid and produce non-verbal and emotional reaction. Within minutes the viewer may be on the telephone, or dashing off a letter to his congressman.

To the viewer, the villagers huddled in fear must always remain that way. Since the main body of the column is beyond camera range, there is no main body.

The conventional pencil and notebook reporter can range as far as his mind and insights will take him, the film reporter only as far as his camera can see.

I can tell you quite frankly that, in my present job, this immediate response to a partial story causes no end of problems. The letters start coming in. Program viewers think they know what is going on. But what they have seen is usually only part of the picture. To give them the complete picture in words is a con-



*ABC cameraman Larry Johnson (foreground) and soundman Walter Oakes (background), wounded at Bien Hoa.*

tradiction in itself.

What can television do about it?

Since television is by its nature a more subjective means of reporting, special effort has to be made in order to make it more objective. This throws the burden on the television newsman.

It would seem to me that in order to put his pictures into perspective he will have to become a commentator on the action much in the same manner in which the late Edward R. Murrow commented on the blitz from the burning rooftops of London. Here is part of the transcript of his Sept. 10, 1940, broadcast. To an America shocked by the fall of France and more than apprehensive about the fate of Britain, Murrow first gives the broad picture. “The raid which started about seven hours ago is still in progress. . . . The number of planes engaged tonight seems to be about the same as last night . . . it is impossible to get any estimate of the damage.”

But scattered within the broadcast are the human vignettes—Murrow and Larry LeSueur driving about the streets of the besieged city, the old dowagers and retired colonels waiting out the raid on the overstuffed settees

of a Mayfair hotel, the shelter cut out of a lawn of a London park. Murrow closes with this vignette:

“As I entered this building half an hour ago one man was asking another if he had a good book. He was offered a mystery story, something about a woman who murdered her husband. And as he stumbled sleepily down the corridor, the lender said, ‘Hope it doesn’t keep you awake.’”

Had there been television cameras during the blitz, and had they shown only the biggest fires in London, the history of the world might have turned out very differently. But this last touch does it. No matter how bad the bombing, no matter how numerous the casualties, we see that no one is about to quit. The broad picture has been given a human equation.

The responsibility of the wise viewer must be always to ask, “What are they *not* showing me?” just as the wise reader must always ask, “What are they *not* telling me?”

This is the first war to be covered by TV. One should not expect that the reporting techniques of an instrument as complicated as television, operating under the most difficult conditions, will be fully developed at the outset. Radio had the Czech crisis on which to warm up and the outbreak of World War II with which to perfect a format that served the public so admirably. Television is going through the same sort of development. The long view, the whole story—these are the elements which have to be balanced with the dramatic on-the-spot picture. As television moves toward this higher plateau of responsibility and achievement it will contribute even greater service to the American people.



A LOOK AT

# Percentage Depletion

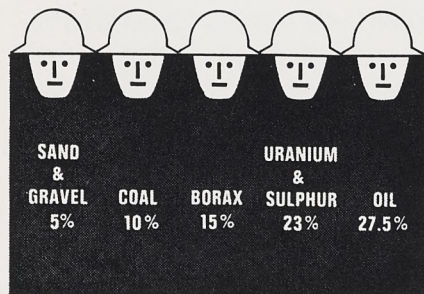
**What is percentage depletion?** It is an income tax deduction explicitly provided for in the law. It recognizes that an oilman's barrel of oil is his capital and merchandise rolled into one. When he sells it, he sells away part of his capital. His ordinary income is taxable like anyone's. But if his capital also were taxed, he would soon be out of business. Percentage depletion prevents his capital from being taxed.

The principle of percentage depletion was adopted by Congress in 1926, and it holds for almost *all* extractive industries. About 100 mining categories ranging from sand and gravel to uranium and sulphur operate with varying percentage depletion allowances. The petroleum industry qualifies as one of the 100 because it, like the rest, is essentially a mining activity. Its depletion rate was established at 27.5 percent.

When he files his income tax report, the oilman applies a deduction of 27.5 percent of the gross income from his producing property, but not more than 50 percent of the net income from that property. This is intended to give him a tax deduction for the capital value of his oil. It is important to remember that percentage depletion does not apply to all of an oilman's income. Only to income from production. Income from sales or refining is not affected.

Why a 27.5 percent rate for oil and gas, and lower percentages for other minerals? After careful study, Congress devised a formula to permit the property owner to recover the capital value of his minerals in the ground. And as the cost of discovery and development of the mineral deposit increases, its value also increases. The higher costs resulting from the greater risks and difficulties in discovering a petroleum deposit, and the uncertainty of its quantity, are reflected in a higher percentage value.

## PERCENTAGE DEPLETION APPLIES TO VIRTUALLY ALL EXTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES



**How has the provision worked?** The percentage depletion provision has been largely responsible for this country's abundant supply of low-cost energy.

Currently, about 75 percent of this nation's energy comes from oil and natural gas, and our personal mobility and industrial strength are unmatched anywhere. Our military power, heavily dependent on petroleum and its products, is recognized as the free world's most telling deterrent to global war.

All this has come about largely because of the success our nation's oilmen have had in their search for petroleum reserves. It has been a search full of risk, and one of the important aspects of the percentage depletion provision is the encouragement it gives oilmen to keep up their search despite the risks.

## THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY BEARS A FAIR TAX BURDEN

<b>PETROLEUM</b>  <b>EXCISE TAXES \$6.5 BILLION ANNUALLY</b>  <b>18.5% OF GROSS REVENUE</b>	
<b>MANUFACTURING &amp; MINING (OTHER THAN PETROLEUM)</b>  <b>5% OF GROSS REVENUE</b>	<b>DIRECT TAXES \$2 BILLION ANNUALLY</b>  <b>5% OF GROSS REVENUE</b>

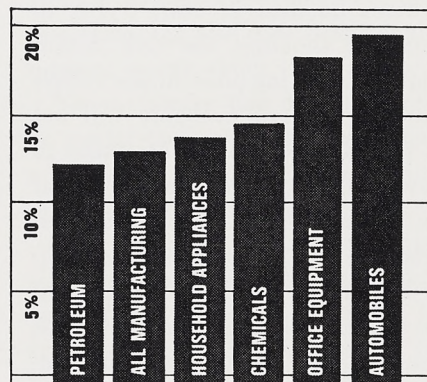
**What about the industry's taxes?** Under the percentage depletion provision, does the oil industry pay its fair share of the nation's tax burden?

The answer is a definite "yes." The oil industry pays \$2 billion in taxes annually. These are direct taxes, other than taxes on products. The industry pays in taxes, excluding excise and sales taxes, about 5 percent of its gross revenues. The percentage for all manufacturing and mining is the same. Oil bears its full share of the tax burden.

If excise and sales taxes are included in the oil industry's tax bill, the figure grows by another \$6.5 billion, or 18.5 percent of gross revenue.

**How about oil industry profits?** The oil industry's profits are not excessive. Its average rate of return on net assets from 1955 to 1964 was 11.7 percent.

## PETROLEUM'S PROFITS ARE NOT EXCESSIVE



The 10-year average rate of return for all manufacturing industries was 11.9 percent. In 1964, 20 major industries were more profitable than oil. Oil clearly does not make runaway profits.

**Percentage depletion has done a good job.** After 40 years, the 27.5 percent depletion provision is so much a part of the oil industry and bears so directly on oil's service to its customers (which includes virtually all other industries) that any significant change in its basic fabric would cause serious economic dislocations. First, there would be less exploration. Second, prices would go up. People would have to pay more (some estimates are as much as five cents a gallon) for gasoline.

The facts show the oil industry pays its fair share of taxes, that its profits are not excessive, that gasoline prices are fair and indeed have declined in relation to other commodities, and that the industry needs a strong incentive for exploration and development.

Percentage depletion has encouraged the search for oil, stimulated our economic growth, helped give us an abundant supply of low-cost energy, and strengthened the free world's security.

**For a more complete account of percentage depletion, send for Texaco's newly revised booklet. Write: Public Relations Division, Texaco Inc., 135 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.**





# TELEVISION COVERS THE WAR

BY MORLEY SAFER

CBS NEWS

**T**here has been no war quite like it. Never have so many words been churned out, never has so much 16-mm film been exposed. And never has the reporting of a story been so much a part of the story itself.

This has been true whether you are reporting television's first war, as I have been, or for one of the print media. Washington has been critical of American newsmen in Saigon almost continuously since 1961. That criticism has manifested itself in a number of ways—from the cancellation of newspaper subscriptions to orders to put certain correspondents on ice to downright threat.

As my friend and colleague Peter Kalischer puts it, "The brass wants you to get on the team."

To the brass, getting on the team

means simply giving the United States government line in little more than handout form. It means accepting what you are told without question. At times it means turning your back on facts.

I know of few reporters in Vietnam who have "gotten on the team."

The fact is, the American people

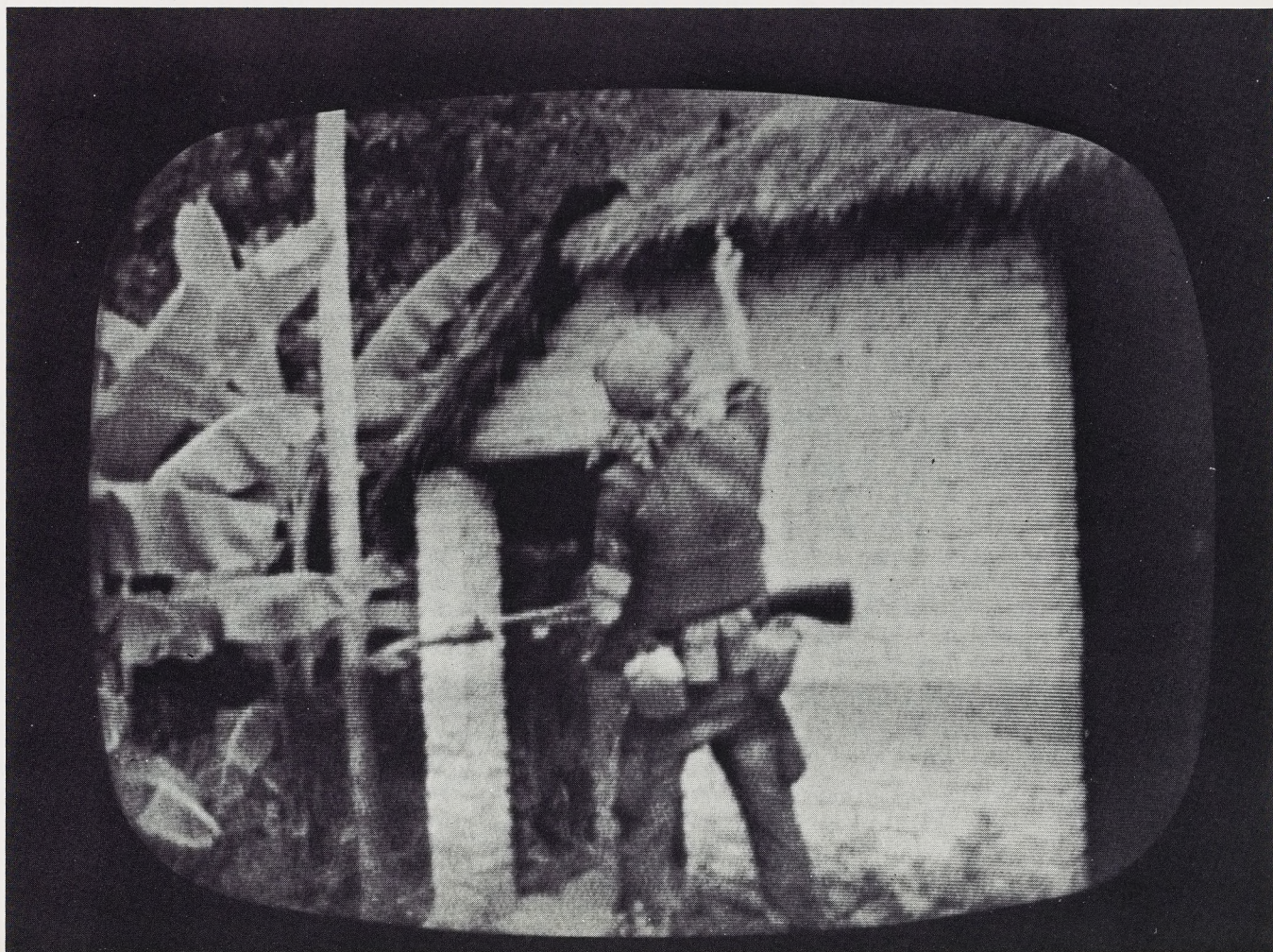
are getting an accurate picture of the war in spite of attempts by various officials—mostly in Washington—to present the facts in a different way. That is why certain correspondents have been vilified, privately and publicly.

By late winter of 1964-1965 the war was clearly becoming an American war. And with it came an American responsibility for providing and reporting facts. American officials thus were able to deal directly with reporters. The formality of "checking it out with the Vietnamese" ceased to be relevant.

In Washington the burden of responsibility for giving, controlling and managing the war news from Vietnam fell to—and remains with—one man: Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Sec-

CONTINUED

*As the folks back home watch on TV, a U.S. soldier puts the torch to a thatched roof that has sheltered Viet Cong.*





retary of Defense for Public Affairs.

By early summer of 1965 the first set of ground rules had been laid down for reporting battles and casualties. There was no censorship, but a very loose kind of honor system that put the responsibility for not breaking security on the shoulders of correspondents. The rules were vague and were therefore continually broken.

For military and civilian officials in Vietnam there was another set of rules—rather another honor system that was not so much laid down as implied. A policy of total candor was to be adhered to. "Total candor" is a phrase used by Barry Zorthian, minister-counselor at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. Zorthian is what *Time* calls "the information czar" in Vietnam.

If Zorthian does not have the admiration of all the newsmen in Saigon, he at least has the respect of most of them. It would not be naive to say that the feeling is mutual, even when background briefings are held at the tops of our voices.

The breaking of the vague ground rules was something that annoyed everyone. Correspondents were rocketed by their editors, and the military in Vietnam felt that Allied lives were being endangered. So in mid-summer, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara came to Saigon and brought Sylvester with him, we all looked forward to the formulation of a clear-cut policy. Sylvester was to meet the press in an informal session to discuss mutual problems. The meeting was to take the vagueness out of the ground rules.

I know that Zorthian looked forward to this confrontation. He had been concerned for a number of reasons about what he described as

the credibility of the United States being questioned. In this he echoed former Ambassador Maxwell Taylor. Zorthian had, on Ambassador Taylor's instructions, assembled four correspondents to meet the ambassador in private and take soundings on the whole question of American credibility. I was one of the four, and what was discussed then remains privileged. The ambassador showed a great deal of sympathy and said questions would be put to people in high places. Unfortunately before the week was out he announced his resignation.

The Sylvester meeting, on the other hand, was surely one of the most disheartening meetings between reporters and a news manager ever held.

It was a sticky July evening. Zorthian had made the usual Thursday callout to what is known as the inner circle of American correspondents in Saigon. The time was fixed for 9 P.M., just after everyone had finished filing.

I was with Murray Fromson, CBS Southeast Asia correspondent. As we returned from our nightly broadcast to New York we looked forward to the cool drinks that are always available at Zorthian's villa.

Inside it was cool. The chairs had been arranged around a low settee where Zorthian usually holds court.

Zorthian opened by saying that this was not to be the usual briefing "for information," but a bull session. "Let's face it, you fellows have some problems covering this war," he said. "I want Arthur to hear what they are. Maybe we can get something done."

Zorthian was less relaxed than usual. He was anxious for Sylvester to get an idea of the mood of the news corps. There had been some annoy-

ing moments in previous weeks that had directly involved Sylvester's own office. In the first B-52 raids, Pentagon releases were in direct contradiction to what had actually happened on the ground in Vietnam.

Also, those of us involved in broadcasting were anxious to discuss the increasing problems of communication. There was general opening banter, which Sylvester quickly brushed aside. He seemed anxious to take a stand—to say something that would jar us. He did:

"I can't understand how you fellows can write what you do while American boys are dying out here," he began. Then he went on to the effect that American correspondents had a patriotic duty to disseminate only information that made the United States look good.

A network television correspondent said, "Surely, Arthur, you don't expect the American press to be the handmaidens of government."

"That's exactly what I expect," came the reply.

An agency man raised the problem that had preoccupied Ambassador Taylor and Barry Zorthian—about

*CBS's Morley Safer (r.) creeps close to get interview with wounded man.*





the credibility of American officials. Responded the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs:

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—*stupid*."

One of the most respected of all the newsmen in Vietnam—a veteran of World War II, the Indochina War and Korea—suggested that Sylvester was being deliberately provocative. Sylvester replied:

"Look, I don't even have to talk to you people. I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers back in the States."

At this point, the Hon. Arthur Sylvester put his thumbs in his ears, bulged his eyes, stuck out his tongue and wiggled his fingers.

A correspondent for one of the New York papers began a question. He never got beyond the first few words. Sylvester interrupted:

"Aw, come on. What does someone in New York care about the war in Vietnam?"

We got down to immediate practical matters—the problems of communication, access to military planes, getting out to battles.

"Do you guys want to be spoon-fed? Why don't you get out and cover the war?"

It was a jarring and insulting remark. Most of the people in that room had spent as much time on actual operations as most GI's.

Two television correspondents walked out, saying they had had enough. A few minutes later, two more correspondents left. The discussion went on. It got worse—more offensive. Only a few stayed—mainly out of regard for Zorthian.

The relationship between reporters and PIO's in Saigon, on the other

hand, has been a good, healthy one. The relationship in the field is better, and in dealing with the men who fight the war it is very good indeed.

The PIO's in Saigon have been as devoted to their jobs as any officer or enlisted man in the field. And in many ways they have it a whole lot tougher. They are hog-tied by impossible ground rules. Certain items may be released by them, others only by Sylvester himself. Pity the career man who forgets it.

The implied threat of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs—"I know how to deal with you through your editors"—gives some indication of the way the Pentagon tries to exert pressure. Among my colleagues in Vietnam I know of no one who has been asked by an editor to "ease off" or to follow any kind of official line. I do know of attempts by certain American officials in Washington to vilify certain correspondents, among them this one.

It's no secret that the former president of CBS News, Fred W. Friendly, was informed that I was married to an Asian and therefore presumably had some kind of bias in favor of Asians and therefore presumably was not 100 percent American in my thinking. The fact that I'm not married at all makes the whole thing even more ludicrous.

The pressure can take less subtle forms: "Unless you get Safer out of there he's liable to end up with a bullet in his back."

This is television's first war. It is only in the past few years that the medium has become portable enough to go out on military operations. And this has raised some serious problems — problems, incidentally, which every network correspondent and cameraman in Vietnam is acute-

ly aware of.

The camera can describe in excruciating, harrowing detail what war is all about. The cry of pain, the shattered face—it's all there on film, and out it goes into millions of American homes during the dinner hour. It is true that on its own every piece of war film takes on a certain antiwar character, simply because it does not glamorize or romanticize. In battle men do not die with a clean shot through the heart; they are blown to pieces. Television tells it that way.

It also tells what happens to civilians who are caught in the middle of battle. It tells what happens to soldiers under the stress of the unreal conditions in which they live. American soldiers are not *always* 100 percent sterling characters, just as American policy is not *always* exactly what is right for the world or for Vietnam's smallest hamlet.

The unfavorable has always been reported along with the favorable—but television tells it with greater impact. When the U.S. blunders, television leaves little doubt.

So when a government official, either in Saigon or Washington, denies what television plainly reports and then attempts to give verisimilitude to his denial by damning the reporter—at best that is pure humbug.

The war in Vietnam has become almost entirely an American responsibility. And responsible American officials must accept it. For the most part they have. But there have been glaring examples of miscalculation and a few examples of downright lying. The miscalculations have been reported, the lies have been found out. And it is that kind of honest reporting that in the end measures the rightness of our cause in Vietnam or anywhere else.



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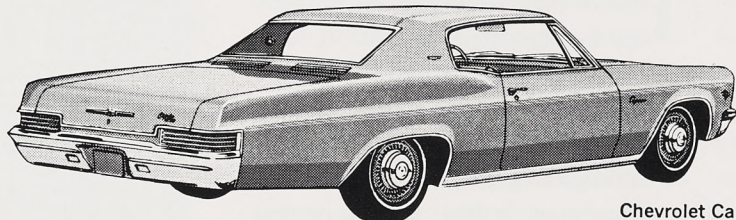


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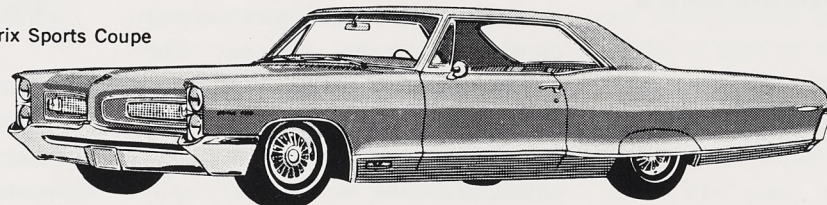
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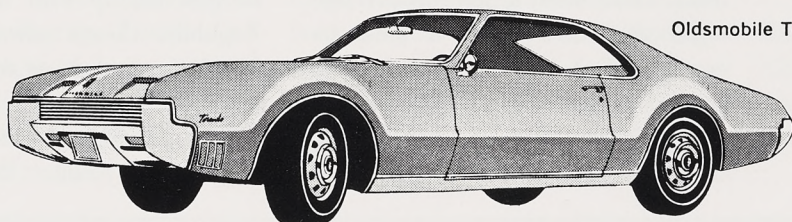


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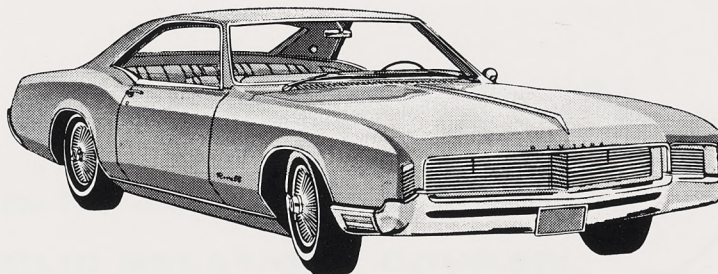
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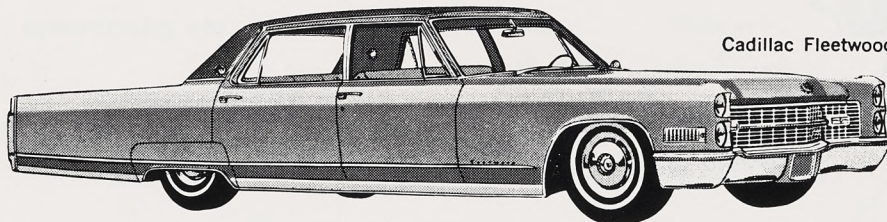
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# THE HIT- AND-RUN CORRESPONDENT

**BY BOB CONSIDINE**

KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

The jet plane has done much to remove the curse from the hit-and-run foreign correspondent. In fact, it has made him a fairly enviable character within the media where once he was universally regarded as a brain-picking pariah.

Once upon a time, when a correspondent went to war, there was a note of permanent residency, subject of course to bullet poisoning. The majority of news organizations looked upon a "Dear Boss: Get me to hell out of here" cable as a sign of cowardice, disloyalty to Old Glory and, worse, a betrayal of the business office. But today's jet turns repertorial restlessness into a plus. A correspondent sick of the muck and mines in the Mekong delta or of the high incidence of gout around the bar-restaurant atop Saigon's Ho-



tel Caravelle can be whisked someplace else—Santo Domingo, let's say. A change of war scenery restores the bloom to the cheek of any hit-and-run correspondent worth his salt. If he gets fed up with the Dominican Republic, there's always an Arab-Israeli border skirmish.

Pan Am reportedly is thinking of putting in a shuttle service between Saigon and Santo Domingo. Air



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AL KAUFMAN

France, Sabena and SAS stand ever ready to fly defrocked American newsmen out of Moscow at a moment's notice, which is what they generally get. The jet has not demolished in-depth reporting. There will always be such prolonged digging. Truman Capote did not jet in and out of Holcomb, Kan. His was more the lint-picking attack of Henry Morton Stanley. Summoned to Paris in 1867 by

James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald* and told, "Find Livingstone!" Stanley departed for Africa two years later after deciding that Bennett meant *David* Livingstone.

Just as there are "horses for courses," a familiar term around the racetracks, there will always be absolute in-depth reporters who will resist mobility like a plague. Henry Shapiro of UPI apparently took a liking to Moscow when Napoleon left and has seldom since been seen in the outside world. Getting Joe Harsch out of NBC's offices at 2 Mansfield St., London W. 1, has proved as tough as uprooting Bobby Sarnoff from the board of directors. Moving Cy Sulzberger very far from the Balkan tinderbox (which the *Times* has been watching warily since Adolph S. Ochs took a choo-choo

out of Chattanooga and bought that New York penny-press) is comparable to moving Abu Simbel uphill.

But the mood since the coming of the jet is for newsmen to pounce upon a war or catastrophe or Project Apollo test, run a Hoover vacuum over all the news that's fit to lift and dash back to the airport. Let the traditionalists grumble; jet journalism is here to stay. It does not necessarily follow that it is slipshod journalism. Indeed, there are signs to be found on the other side of the coin. The signs have been there a long time:

One day in 1945 at the Chungking press hostel (I had been in China a good three hours and 15 minutes) an Old China Hand watched me beating my typewriter as if it

CONTINUED

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## HIT AND RUN CONTINUED

were trying to strike back.

"Good!" he said, without looking at what I was writing. I asked him what he meant by "good."

"The fact that you're writing," he said. "If you waited a month, it would come harder. If you waited a year, you wouldn't write anything."

I stayed two weeks, spent several of those days with Amb. Gen. Pat Hurley (who persuaded me to write that Mao Tse-tung and his "simple agrarians" in Yen-an were Communist revolutionaries who would war on Chiang Kai-shek shortly after V-J Day), interviewed Chiang, joined an OSS group that was preparing to rescue Gen. Jonathan Wainwright and other prominent POW's, represented the majesty of the United States in a toasting bout with General Ho (I left the bum for dead)

and attended a flattering cocktail party given by the two Chinese publishing houses that had printed the Mandarin version of a book I had had something to do with named *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*.

Only point here still not thoroughly obfuscated is that a moderately well-planned hit-and-run news mission can at times harvest more of a crop than the stationary sentinel on the scene.

Forgive a deluge of more or less personal examples:

The first trip of Bill Hearst to Russia, in early 1955, produced an unprecedented series of interviews with Soviet leaders in swift succession. Hearst's teammates were Kingsbury Smith and Frank Conniff. They were received by Malenkov, Molotov, Bulganin, Khrushchev, Marshal Zhu-

kov, Svetlana Stalin, Patriarch Alexei and a cross section of the cultural and artistic community, including Galina Ulanova, David Oistrakh, Georgi Orvid, director of the Bolshoi, and Dmitri Shostakovich.

The interview with Molotov — in fact, a single question phrased by Smith and asked by Hearst—elicited an answer that opened negotiations leading to the withdrawal of the Red Army and Allied troops from Austria. None of the Moscow regulars had gotten close to that momentous story.

Austria decorated Hearst; the Pulitzer Prize people decorated the team. The men accomplished their hit-and-run mission in less than a month. (This is not a record, by the way. The record must be held by OPC Award-winning photographer



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John Sadovy, who flew into Budapest, aimed his camera over the shoulder of a Freedom Fighter member of a firing squad then mowing down a group of Hungarian Communist police, got his pictures, took a taxi back to the airport and was gone.)

Hearst, Conniff and I won the OPC's "best foreign correspondence" plaques for our Russian foray in November 1957. We had three hours and 35 minutes with Khrushchev, the longest interview up to that time and perhaps the all-time meatiest: everything from ICBM's to God, Kansas corn to Khrushchev corn. We gained the first and last interview with Marshal Malinovsky, plus talks with Gromyko and—for the first time—with the new Soviet scientific aristocracy, her space experts. The trip lasted three short weeks. But even the em-

bassy people in Moscow and in the capitals we hit on the way home wanted to be briefed.

The plane (jet, whenever possible) enables a handful of reporters to cover more stories infinitely faster than a platoon of their predecessors could and at less expense. In 1958 the small Hearst group assembled in Rome for the election of the successor to Pius XII split up immediately after "Habemus Papa John." Jack Casserly and I zipped up to Sotto il Monte for talks with John XXIII's brothers and old neighbors; Hearst, Conniff and Serge Fliegers shot down to Tunis to tackle Borguiba. A couple of days later we were in New York with all the work done. Subsequently I picked up three stories in a single day: one with a Moscow dateline, one out of Brussels and the third one

out of New York. They were garnered at breakfast in Moscow, lunch in Brussels and dinner in New York—thanks to a Sabena 707.

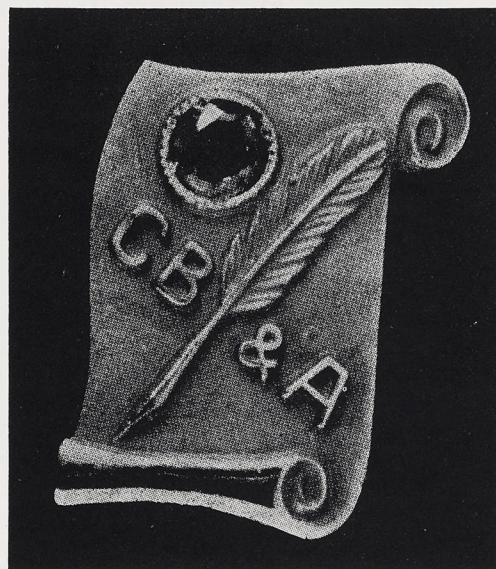
The supersonic jet transport will expand the versatility of the complete correspondent. At Mach 3, which is the velocity at which America's SST will travel, there should be no great difficulty covering in a day or two a story that now takes a week and once took months. It is not inconceivable that newsmen one day will be permitted to engage in short space flights. In the entire history of news-gathering the rule has been that where there is news there are men and women to witness, harvest and disperse it. Let NASA and the Air Force beware. The day of reportorial inventory of their sequestered goodies nears!

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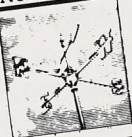




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# HOW THE WAR LOOKS FROM THE DESK

BY JOE W. MORGAN

FOREIGN EDITOR, UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

**T**he most frequent question about the war in Vietnam is the hardest one to answer.

Who's winning?

Time and again the question is put to the cable desk of United Press International, which, in effect, is the New York branch of UPI's war desk in Saigon. Reporters on the scene continue to search for the elusive answer, which is obscured by the complexities of waging war against a hit-and-run guerrilla foe.

Unlike previous American wars, this one is being fought without fixed

lines and without the objective of taking territory. It's a hunt-and-kill war with the goal of finding the enemy and eliminating him. Old guideposts are no longer indicative. Victory seldom can be measured in miles advanced or towns captured.

Nor are bullets and bombs the only weapons. Both sides are waging psychological warfare that in the end could be more decisive. But how do you measure the trend of the battle for hearts and minds?

Because of the nature of the fighting, it has not been possible to provide regular, periodic summaries of wins and losses. Although the main objective has been to kill the enemy, the casualty figures issued once a week provide an uncertain index.

Despite heavy enemy losses, it was estimated in February that there were more Viet Cong in South Vietnam than a year earlier.

Searching for a more reliable index, correspondents study the Viet Cong desertion rate that the South Vietnamese make available about once a month. This figure represents the number quitting the enemy forces and surrendering under the government's "open arms" program. But it does not take into account the number of Vietnamese recruited or impressed into the Viet Cong forces during the same period.

Because the guerrillas can strike at any time, over an area as large as the eastern United States, it has proved impossible to trace a pattern of the fighting. When the South Vietnamese or U.S. forces sweep through an enemy area and then withdraw, the Viet Cong quickly filter back.

"It's like punching a fist into a pillow," one correspondent said.

In spite of these difficulties it has been possible at times to draw firm

conclusions from the available clues.

Concluding a three-month Vietnam assignment last September, UPI foreign news analyst Phil Newsom wrote that the tide finally was beginning to turn. Several weeks later Defense Secretary Robert McNamara wound up a Vietnam inspection tour with the statement that the United States had "stopped losing" the conflict.

**I**n another broad-view dispatch, UPI correspondents reported from Saigon early this year that the Communists had cut back on their offensive actions and were avoiding large-scale battles. The dispatch, based on intercepted Communist directives, said the comparative lull was the result of orders to Viet Cong and North Vietnamese commanders.

So the Americans who want to know who's winning are not entirely without an answer.

When the major buildup of American forces in Vietnam began last summer it became apparent that a similar escalation of UPI's war coverage was required.

Phil Newsom went from New York to Saigon to organize the expansion of facilities. Priority was given to augmenting the staff of bureau manager Mike Malloy. By the time the expansion had been completed, the





one-man UPI staff of a few years ago had grown into a full-fledged bureau of 25 persons, including desk men, writers, reporters, photographers, news film cameramen, teletype operators, drivers and office helpers.

The bureau also was expanded physically. Two buildings were connected to provide news and photo bureaus on the first floor. Staffers live in the apartments above.

It also was necessary to make changes in the communications system to handle the increased flow of copy. Only a couple of years ago communications with Saigon were chancy. There was only one hour a day of regularly scheduled news transmission by radio teletype. When news broke at other times it was sent out by such commercial cable or telephone facilities as were available. These worked only sometimes.

During the various coups and other government crises, communications sometimes were cut completely. One UPI correspondent scored a notable beat during the crackdown on the Buddhists by the Diem regime because he had made a careful study of the military phone system. When the government cut off the normal communications he got on the military line and in an official-sounding

voice asked to be put through to Manila.

A sleepy-voiced GI operator said he was sorry, but Manila was busy, then added, "Will Bangkok do?" It did very well indeed.

A general clampdown on communications could recur, but now the UPI-leased circuit of radio teletype news from the Saigon bureau operates 21 hours a day. Thousands of words pour out of the Saigon bureau by radio printer to Tokyo for relay to the cable desk in New York. By throwing a switch Tokyo can make the overseas transmission from Saigon to New York almost instantaneous. But while Saigon can reach New York in seconds, inside Vietnam it may take all day to get a phone call from Saigon to Bien Hoa, 14 miles away.

**F**acilities for the transmission of pictures also have been vastly improved, so that Saigon files radio-photos on regularly scheduled transmission to Tokyo, Manila and the United States.

Once the Saigon news file reaches New York the responsibility for sorting, winnowing and distributing falls on the cable desk, the merchandising branch of the foreign news service.

Timing is a problem because of the 13-hour time difference between Saigon and New York, creating special difficulties for editors of morning newspapers who want Vietnam news that has not been covered in full for the previous afternoon editions. And that's a challenge to reporters and editors all along the line. At night in Vietnam—daytime in the United States—the Allied forces generally

withdraw into their defense perimeters and the fighting is limited to sporadic attacks by enemy guerrilla forces. After daybreak in Vietnam the U.S. helicopter airlift goes back into operation, and the action begins. Still, it is often a matter of hours before the information trickles into Saigon over a jammed communications system. If the reporter is in the field, he's separated from his communications facilities, and if he's at one of the command posts around the country, he still must wait until reports from the areas of operation are sorted. Then he has to fight for an available telephone line to Saigon.

Once the material is available in Saigon it can move swiftly, but the evening hours can be frustrating to American editors with deadlines approaching. Under ordinary circumstances, about the best that can be hoped for is a new lead around 9 P.M. EST.

Covering the breaking news, seeking to spot trends and writing feature copy is enough to keep a Vietnam correspondent busy, but for a UPI reporter that can be only part of the job. He also must react to the multitude of tips, suggestions and requests received from American editors and fired at him by the New York cable desk.

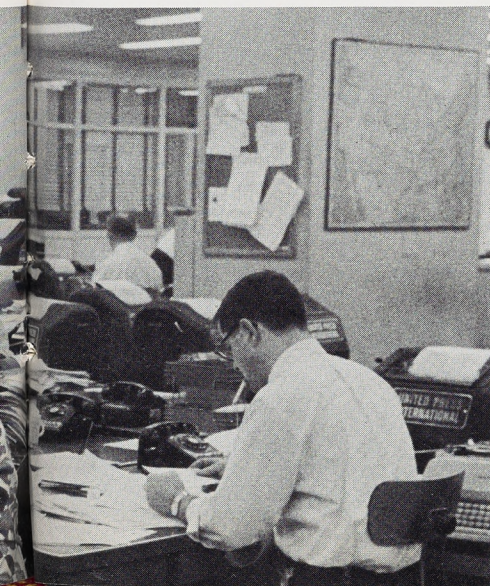
One editor had a more personal problem. His son, a private, was serving in Saigon. He hadn't written home in more than two months, and his mother was getting worried. Could UPI check up on him?

The Saigon bureau didn't find the private, but a reporter who located his sergeant was able to dispatch the following message to New York:

"Pvt. Blank's sergeant says he's okay and will be writing home immediately if not sooner."

---

*UPI Foreign Editor Joe Morgan hands Vietnam dispatch to a staff writer.*







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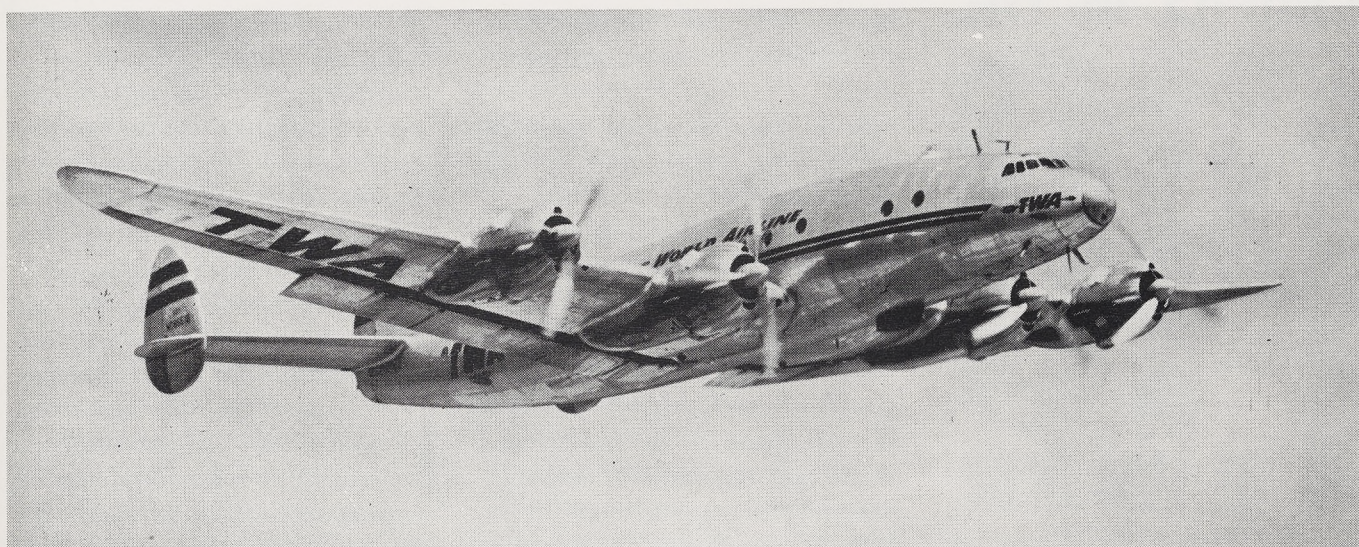


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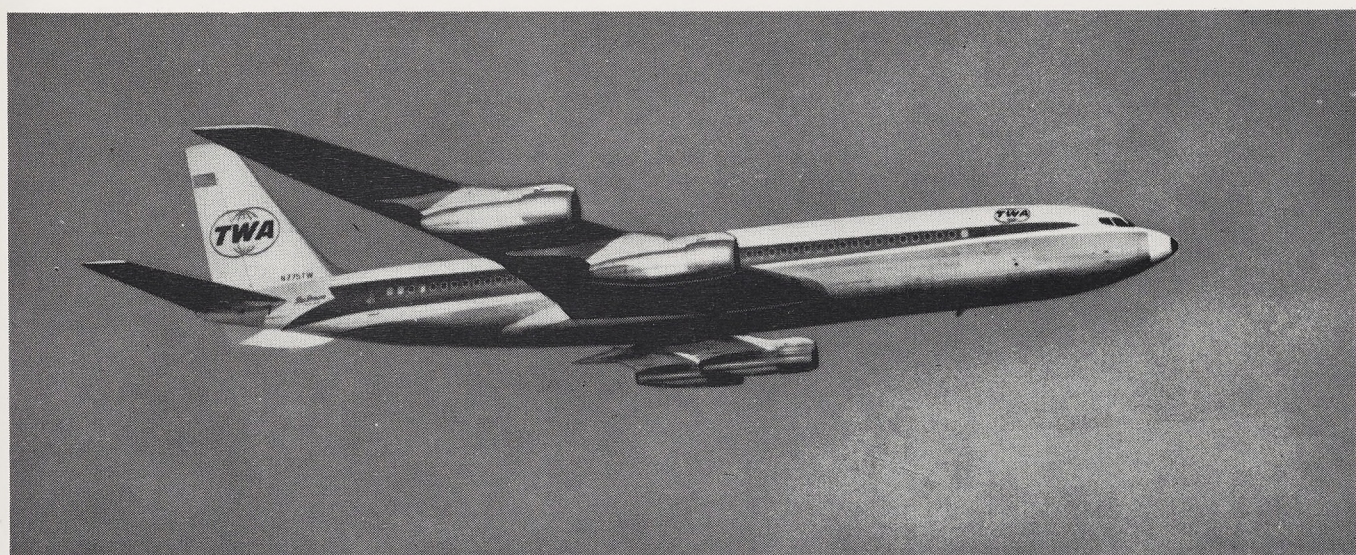
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# PROFILE OF THE PIO

BY TOM TIEDE

NEA SERVICE

The not so hilarious trade joke here is that newsmen are battling two enemies in this war—the Viet Cong guerrillas and the Army Information people.

Of the two, the snicker continues, the VC are preferable. They at least, will shoot you in the front.

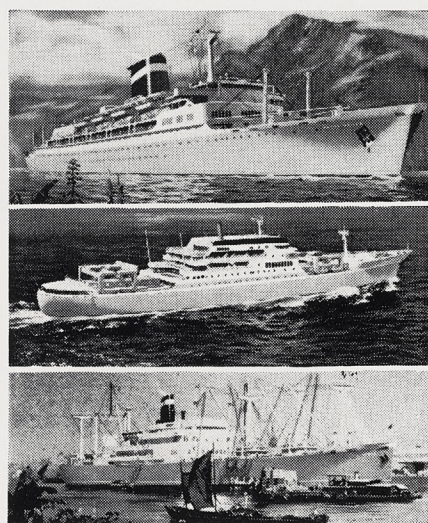
It is of course not really this bad. Only almost. One hesitates to rap the entire network of public information personnel in this conflict because it means tromping the toes of the scattered few who do a professional job of compensating for the inadequacies of the rest. But generally speaking, Vietnam PIO is spelled P-U.

Until recently, the problems between the IO and the press were greatest at highest levels. The MAC-V (Military Assistance Command in Vietnam) information headquarters

had all the media cognizance of a journalism class, and some key personnel apparently had studied public relations under Sonny Liston.

Legitimate problems and inquiries were bandied about as if the asker were fronting for Ho Chi Minh. Press relations people were as hard to reach as an itch in the small of the back. The IO opened at 9 A.M. or later, and those 6:30 or earlier newsmen who needed dawn information could simply suck extra oranges for breakfast.

In deference to truth the information people in this war are doing a most difficult task under confusing circumstances. Their service to two masters—the military and the mass communications media—necessitates duty to job on one hand and duty to country on the other. It is a conflict of interests not easily coped with—



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especially in this encounter where there has not been enough war to go around.

With roughly 350 newsmen in the combat area and seldom more than a single major U.S. military operation going on at a time, the problem of satisfying correspondents is enormous.

For example: Late last year the tiny outpost of Plei Me became an eight-day drama of death which captured the interest of the entire world and swarms of eager newsmen.

Nevertheless, the IO did a creditable job for the press. The rub is they did a damned poor one for the war.

As media people stumbled in, Plei Me looked more like a sound stage than a battlefield. The grim gag during the early days of siege was that if as many replacement troops had

arrived as correspondents, activity would have ended in half the time.

Grumbled one GI: "We got more 35-mm cameras in this battle than 60-mm mortars."

**A**dded another: "I'm just waiting for one of these guys to say, 'Shoot him again, soldier; I wasn't focused the first time.'"

Nearly every information specialist in Vietnam is under pleas and pressure that are at best demanding and at worst illegal.

An outstanding example is the method employed by media men to ascertain exactly when and where in hell the war is going to erupt next in a combat theater with no established front or rear lines.

For security reasons newsmen are never formally told of a major battle until it is well underway. Even so, the

press has found ways to prevail.

Most common is to make friends with unit PIO's who will leak information. Few of them will openly blab, but give their knowledge discreetly, intelligently and privately. Normally they will call a correspondent and say something like, "We're having a party next Wednesday morning and you're invited."

Unscrupulous or no, it is a saving factor for many newsmen here.

And happily, even astonishingly, partaking PIO people aren't ashamed.

Explains one of them: "How can I do my job and not let the press know when something's up? Newsmen aren't delinquents. If I tell them something in confidence I do it knowing it will be kept as such. Anyway,

*CONTINUED*



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I can't think of a single Viet Cong agent among the U. S. press corps."

Adds a battalion commander: "Sure I know the press is being informed. How could I think otherwise when I wake up on the morning of a secret operation and find 50 of them waiting outside my tent?"

The unfortunate part of it, of course, is that if 50 reporters know of the operation the probability is that 500 Viet Cong do also.

Last year a large-scale paratroop operation had to be canceled at the last minute when replacement troops from San Francisco landed to ask what day the jump was taking place.

If they knew about it in San Francisco, the Army reckoned, they most assuredly knew about it in Hanoi.

Despite the ethics of such tipoffs (and they won't be further debated here), the fact that PIO people are willing to go out on legal limbs for the free press has helped much to soothe the otherwise bitter feelings that exist between the two interests.

Personally the press and PIO may be bedfellows, but professionally they are rooms apart. Much of the newsman's criticism of his IO helpmate stems from the fact that military PR people seem inadequately trained, more than likely misplaced and often unhappy. Both brass and noncoms ("noncom" here stands for "noncommittal") seem to be assigned not by intelligence but by IBM.

In other words there are precious few IO pros anymore. And the amateurs unfortunately often feel as if the newsman works for the wrong side.

One reporter who was checking facts after a brief skirmish outside of Saigon asked an enlisted information specialist for a rough count on the friendly casualties.

"I dunno," the GI replied.

"Light, moderate or heavy?" the reporter persisted.

"Said I dunno."

"Weren't you there?"

"Yup."

"Did you see anyone killed?"

"Yup."

"A lot or a few?"

"I dunno."

"Good grief, soldier, don't you know anything?"

"Yeah. I know I only got 48 days

---

*Since early in World War II the Army has been training officers and enlisted men as public information specialists, and today it runs the Defense Information School at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., for personnel of all the services.*

*A faculty of members of the Armed Forces, together with some civilians, provides a basic 8-week course in five areas: Applied Journalism, Oral Communication, Radio and TV, International Relations and Government, and Policy and Plans. The school turns out PIO's and noncoms whose mission is to provide "full and frank disclosure as quickly as feasible available information." The Defense Information School began operations only last December, but its predecessors have turned out some 21,000 trained information specialists since January 1946.*

---

left on my tour and I ain't messing anything up by shooting my mouth off to no newspaperman."

The example is by no means rare.

Recently a news newcomer in Vietnam got into a heated argument with a sergeant over censorship. At length the soldier let fly with a string of firewords ending with "and I never felt you or your stinking newspaper were worth a good damn anyway."

Shaking his head and walking away,

the visitor asked somebody who the sergeant was.

"Oh, him," a man answered. "He's one of our press relations people."

Of course most IO people are not belligerent. The majority are in fact well-meaning. The problem seems to be they are simply 30-cal. men in 50-cal. slots—or vice versa.

A syndicate man met just such a dud recently who enthusiastically tipped a wonderful story of a young GI who had risked his life to save four wounded men. As the IO told it, the hero had strapped two men on his back, tucked one apiece under each arm and walked a mile to safety.

Fantastic, the reporter thought.

But four men? Two on his back?

He checked it of course. Turned out a boy had indeed exposed himself to fire during a rescue mission. But he helped only one fallen companion, not four—and the man had a twisted ankle, not a wound. Furthermore, the hero was hardly from the traditional mold either. He said he did it for selfish reasons.

"Selfish reasons?" the newsman asked the boy.

"Yeah," was the answer. "He owed me money. And he'd a never paid it if he'd got bumped off."

But, in all fairness, neither side is without some sin in this continuing cold war. Deadlining newshawks are not famous for either their courtesy or their understanding. They are a most difficult lot for even accomplished PIO people to deal with.

One IO chap summed it up nicely for his side not long ago. After watching two camera crews follow a company of infantrymen into a rice paddy, he turned to a companion and said, sighing:

"Boy, I hope they get some action. Those TV guys are always mad as hell at me if they don't get shot at."





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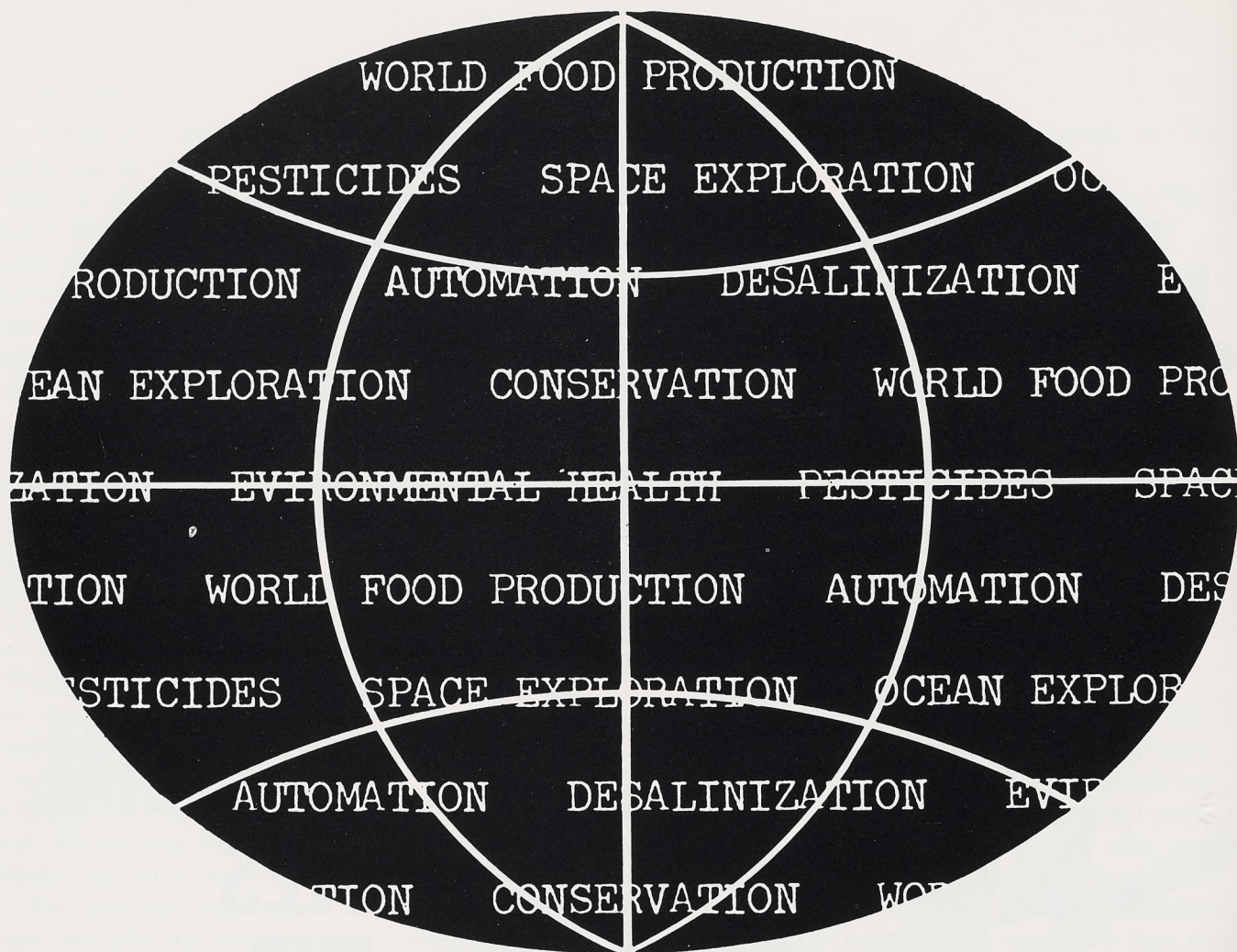
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**R**arely in American history has a war been so closely supervised and controlled by civilian leaders in Washington as has the conflict in Vietnam. Some Air Force officers call President Johnson "the squadron commander" and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara "the exec."

This tight control from the top has placed a premium on coverage of the Pentagon, where so many of the decisions are shaped.

It has been McNamara's practice with Johnson's backing to keep key decisions and deliberations under very close wraps, often limiting information to a small group of top officials and trusted aides.

Despite this, reporters regularly working the Pentagon beat have managed to learn of many major actions ahead of formal announcement.

## THE CLOSE-MOUTHED PENTAGON

BY FRED S. HOFFMAN  
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Sometimes, as a result, security officers have been turned loose in an effort to track down the sources of the information.

More than 50 reporters are listed on the roster of the Pentagon correspondents. But only about 15 cover the beat on a day in, day out basis. The rest come over for news conferences and briefings or keep in touch by telephone.

On some beats, phone interviews are standard procedure and quite adequate. But most Pentagon newsmen developing stories rely on face-to-face interviews where possible.

No one ever has proved that Pentagon telephone lines are monitored, but there is such emphasis on security and secretiveness that few "regulars" or their sources will chance discussing touchy matters.

CONTINUED

*Reporters covering Pentagon news find Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara secretive and marginally informative.*





## THE PENTAGON, CONTINUED

The problems of Pentagon newsmen are essentially no more severe than in any previous crisis under the McNamara regime. But this one has been more prolonged than those in Cuba, Berlin, Laos, Panama, the Dominican Republic.

The Pentagon recently appealed for self-censorship by newsmen, asking that they refrain from publishing or broadcasting advance information on troop movements to Vietnam.

This caused no pain to reporters, many of whom customarily practice a sort of self-censorship and avoid writing anything they think might be damaging to the United States.

But reporters have no compunction about breaking news that is being held back either because of political sensitivity or because "the establishment" wants to pick an advantageous

announcement time.

The credibility of the Defense Department was undermined during the Cuban missile crisis and has never been restored.

Denials often are disbelieved, in part because reporters who deal with the Pentagon know that such denials may be technical in nature.

Frequently the Pentagon may say that officially "there are no present plans" to do something, or "there has been no decision on some proposal." Taken at face value, these statements appear to discredit the reports on which the spokesmen are commenting.

But such denials may be very narrowly based—they may mean there are no plans or decisions in a formal sense, because a signature has not yet been affixed to an official paper. Yet

a decision may have been reached in principle and substance.

High Pentagon officials have been known to complain about lack of responsibility in reporting. Yet rarely will such officials take newsmen into their confidence on a sensitive matter to keep them from going off the track.

The resourceful and diligent newsmen learns he can often find where the body is buried by relying on knowledgeable sources, both civilian and military, at other levels in the Department.

It should be said in justice that secretiveness is not always the fault of the civilian leaders of the Defense Department. There are times when intelligence professionals balk at release of certain information on security grounds, and their objections may well be controlling.

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McNamara's news conferences are only marginally informative. He generally hews to a predictable line. And "backgrounders" with high officials—a setting encouraging candor—often are little better than on-the-record news conferences.

Technically, officials granting interviews are still supposed to talk to reporters in the presence of a monitor or to report the substance of what is said. In first contacts between reporters and officials, this procedure is still practiced in varying degrees.

But after a newsman gets to know a source—and vice versa—the monitoring and reporting practice fades away. It is virtually impossible to enforce in a building with hundreds of offices and about 27,000 people.

One of the difficulties in covering the military beat is the perishability

of sources. Often a reporter cultivates an officer and develops a fruitful relationship—and then the officer comes to the end of his tour and is sent elsewhere.

Of course, if a reporter is on the beat long enough such sources tend to return later for new tours of duty, and the friendship may be renewed.

All this applies to general coverage of the Pentagon, as well as to reporting the Washington end of the Vietnam war. As the war has escalated, Pentagon reporters have found themselves devoting the bulk of their time to the war and finding less time for other facets of the military story.

As a matter of policy, the Defense Department's information authorities have tried to defer to spokesmen in Saigon in official announcements about the fighting. The position of

these authorities has been that the war should always be reported from the scene.

However, Arthur Sylvester, the Pentagon's information chief, has set up a special "Vietnam desk" and a Vietnam office, which does a notable service in supplying to newsmen statistical data and backup information to acquaint them with what has been released in the field.

This special operation is staffed by competent professional officers of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps.

There is plenty of opportunity for a reporter who knows his way around to dig beneath the surface and find out what is going on.

For those who like challenge, the constraints and obstructions add a certain zest to the digging.



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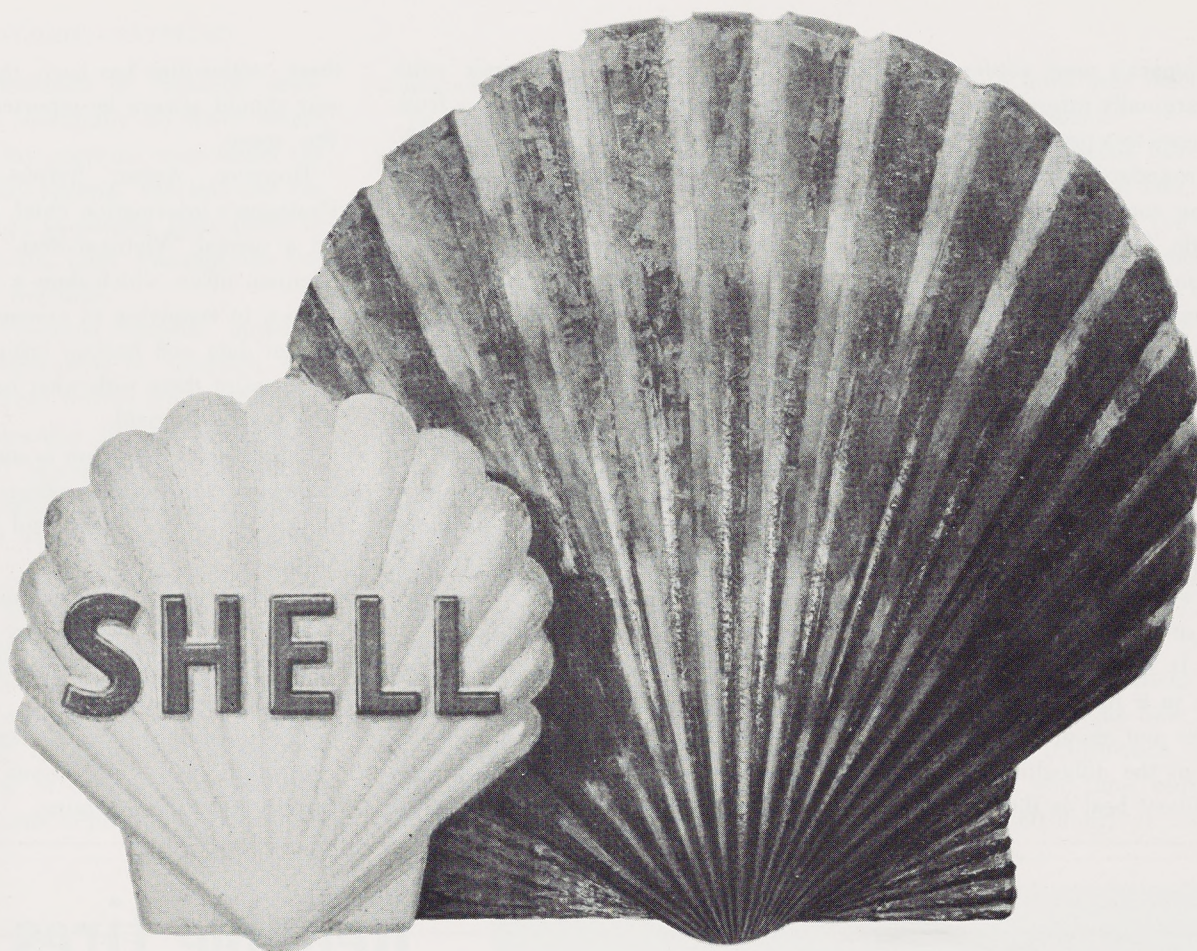
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## How a Scallop Shell became a world-famous trademark

Seashells carried halfway around the world—from an ocean floor in the Orient to Marcus Samuel's curio shop near the London docks—started a chain of events that created one of today's best-known trademarks.

Returning sailors sold their seashells to the curio shop owner. Used on ornamental boxes and trinkets, the shells found favor in mid-Victorian eyes, and the merchant imported thousands upon thousands of shells.

Later, the sons of Marcus Samuel gave this Far Eastern trade a new dimension by shipping the first bulk cargo of kerosene through the Suez Canal. When a company was later formed to engage in the oil business, the scallop shell became its trademark.

Perhaps Samuel's sons chose the shell out of sentiment. Yet their choice proved to be most appropriate for the enterprise that was to become the Shell companies.

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the sea, the voyage, the quest. Venus, born of the sea, was identified with the shell. It was the badge of pilgrims to the shrine of St. James, and of Holy Land Crusaders.

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# THE WOMAN CORRESPONDENT

BY BEVERLY DEEPE

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, SAIGON

**M**en in the man's world of Vietnam expect more from a woman. Perhaps my biggest challenge as a woman correspondent is that most of the nearly 250,000 American troops stationed here expect me to be a living symbol of the wives and sweethearts they left behind. And they expect it even in the field.

I should be feminine, but not fragile; change from sports dress to flight suit as most women change from slacks to skirt; look fresh in fatigues during a downpour or scaling a slippery rice dike.

They expect me to be typically American, despite cold water instead of cold cream, fatigues instead of frocks. Always, it's more important to wear lipstick than a pistol.

Once in a while there's an exception to the total approval of every thing feminine. When I first visited a Marine squadron in the Mekong delta in 1962, the commander snapped:

"You'll wear fatigues all the time. We don't want women with legs down here."

And the harshest chewing-out I ever received was from a veteran Marine Corps sergeant—for wearing a red beret.

I explained that I had rushed to the battle area so quickly I didn't have time to find a helmet and that correspondents were not issued helmets.

"What's wrong with you?" he ranted. "Didn't they ever teach you to steal?" Taking a final, fiery glance

at me, he sputtered, "This just is not the same Marine Corps."

I sheepishly hid my red beret in my uniform pocket and asked the regimental commander if I could accompany the ground troops into the battle area. I already knew the mission would be to relieve an armored column two miles away that had been pinned down and surrounded by the Viet Cong for almost 30 hours.

"No, you can't go with the line companies—but you can go with the battalion headquarters," he said in a soft Southern drawl. I protested vigorously—but decided that was better than nothing.

The battalion commander asked if I was sure I wanted to go along.

"Oh, yes, we the press are among the blessed," I replied, drawing an imaginary halo above my head.

Days later I was to rue my words, when correspondent Dickey Chappelle was killed by a mine she never saw. She died with a little flower in her helmet.

The first two questions the men here usually ask me are: How long have you been in Vietnam? (Four years.) Where is your home in the States? (Nebraska and then New York.)

And they often astonish me as much as I astonish them. I remember the private in a foxhole who had brought along his tape recorder and listened to surf music throughout the

CONTINUED

*Author Beverly Deepe wears Viet Cong helmet at exhibition of captured V-C equipment. Her biggest challenge was to look feminine to please U.S. troops—even in the field.*





day. In another foxhole, a GI told me how the first night he couldn't tell the difference between a duck and a Viet Cong guerrilla paddling through the water. "Now I can," he said. "The Viet Cong swishes."

One night, while the 173rd Airborne Brigade was bivouacked on its first offensive operation into the jungled Communist D-Zone stronghold, the company next to us—about 50 yards away—received mortar fire sporadically throughout the night. But the Negro sergeant was much more agitated about the discrimination against his white wife on Okinawa—and he cursed segregation as the mortar rounds rained.

American commanders often present a further problem for a woman. They are ultraprotective and superchivalrous in ruling on whether wom-

en may accompany their units into battle. When I visit frontline units, I'm ordered to return to the base camp by dusk.

"Men get killed all the time," one Marine captain explained. "But if a woman gets killed it's a big insult to the commander and he's asked a lot of questions."

My reporting life has changed with the giant flip-flops in the Vietnam situation. In early 1962, I traveled only in the provinces. On my first helicopter combat mission, in the old banana-shaped H-21, the pilot explained that he used his "Grey Ghost" to hunt tigers and "to chase butterflies." Today, exactly four years later, divisions of America's most modern choppers roam that same high plateau area.

In 1962 I remember driving with

out escort along dusty Route 19 in the northern provinces; today there are more than two American and Korean divisions protecting the area. In 1962 I made trips to the "revolutionary" strategic hamlets; today American brigades are securing those same villages.

The South Vietnamese generals I interviewed then are now out of power—or out of the country. The colonels are now generals working side by side with American tactical units.

In 1963 the battle shifted to the streets and pagodas of Saigon; saffron-robed Buddhist *bonzes* were more newsworthy than fatigue-clad generals. Then began the era of the *coup d'état*. During the first one in November 1963, my apartment, half a block from the presidential palace, was looted by fleeing Diemist troops

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and riddled with machinegun bullets. (One bullet shattered a book called *Problems of Freedom — South Vietnam*.)

I covered the abortive *coup* of September 13, 1964, in a taxi, racing to the Saigon suburbs to interview the Vietnamese *coup*-makers, then dashing back to the center of the city to cable before the tanks sealed off the post office.

Of all the men I've met in Vietnam, it is the ones I knew only briefly that I remember best—like U.S. Airborne medic Levy, who so delicately bandaged a blister on my foot before an overnight patrol.

"You never take care of my footsies that way," a sergeant cracked. The young medic went home "under a 50-star flag," killed by friendly artillery.

Then there was the Airborne sergeant who on one morning operation made my coffee in a peach can.

The T-28 pilot who took me on a bombing raid in 1963 made a low strafing pass three missions later trying to cut off the heads of the Viet Cong with the plane propellers. He never pulled up. His grave is a rice paddy dike.

Maybe it's my feminine outlook, but to me the war is not simply a war but a hellish, dancing madness.

One of the most difficult of all problems for a correspondent is to twist his mind to "feel"—one can rarely "understand"—a foreign culture of a different century.

I live in a brown half-house made of teak, in a world made of tears, shattered dreams and everywhere the dead and the almost-dead, where the American men are lonely and the Vietnamese are sad. My major personal difficulty is to laugh—if only occasionally—for all of Vietnam cries.

## WOMEN AT THE BATTLEFRONT

*Peggy Hull went to war looking like a lady. America's first female war correspondent covered the World War I battlefield in a long skirt, high-collared jacket and Sam Browne belt. Now 75, she remembers carrying a sewing kit in the Pacific during World War II to repair GI buttons.*



*BBC correspondent Irene Corbally Kuhn broadcasts from just-liberated Shanghai in August 1945. Using old prewar microphone, she is speaking from a school which the Japanese had used as radio station.*



*Marguerite Higgins, Pulitzer-Prize-winning war correspondent who died in January 1966, interviews Brig. Gen. John S. Bradley near Korean front in 1951. She covered World War II as a 23-year-old, six years later won prize for frontline reporting during Korean War.*



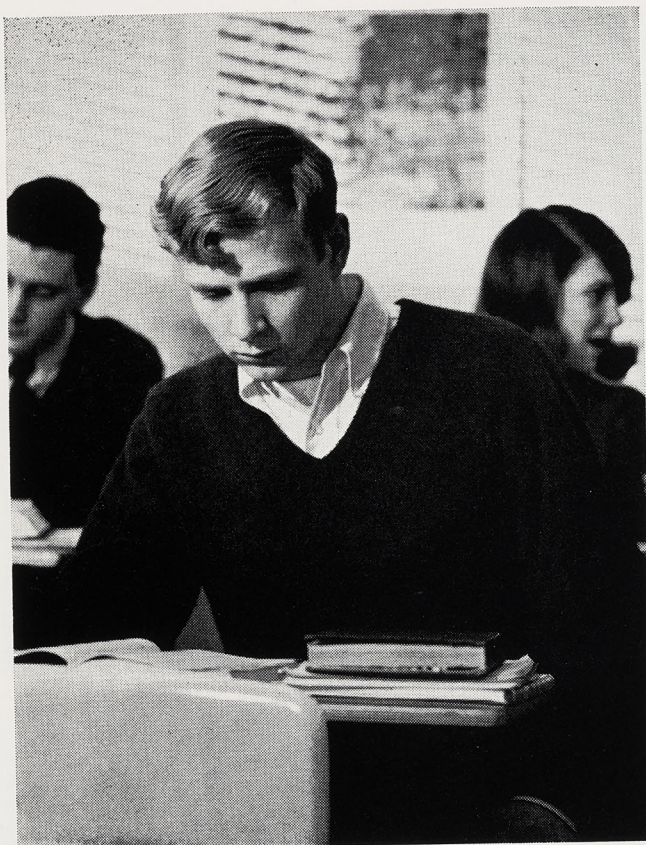
*Dickey Chapelle, right, photographer-correspondent killed in November 1965, is shown on jungle patrol in South Vietnam. A veteran of three wars, Miss Chapelle was fatally wounded when a mine exploded among Marines she was with on operation near Da Nang.*



---

He's learning to  
remember the Alamo  
and the Maine  
but he can't  
remember breakfast

---



*For this student and thousands like him, breakfast has become the forgotten meal.*

All too often, lunch is the first meal of the day for this teen-ager. He used to eat breakfast every morning—and he liked it. He felt better. But gradually his family stopped observing that regular mealtime procedure. Oversleeping and morning chores crowded it out of the schedule.

Now he eats a candy bar between classes to tide him over till lunch. His dad gets by on his morning coffee break and his mother usually settles for a piece of left-over pie around 10 o'clock. This is not the kind of breakfast needed to get the day off to a good start—nor is this family an exception.

Did you know that:

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$\frac{1}{3}$  of all teen-age boys skimp or skip breakfast?

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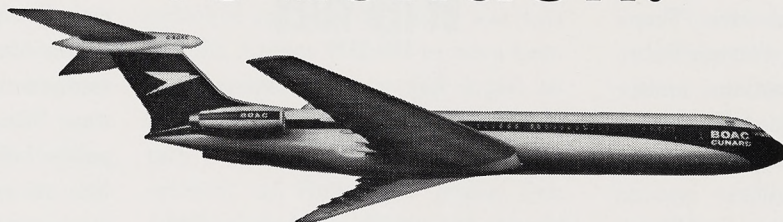
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# THOSE 'LITTLE' WARS

BY TED YATES  
NBC NEWS

I've been told by my elders that once upon a time we called them wars. In those days there were sides. There was a declared enemy and there were even clear reasons why everyone was fighting.

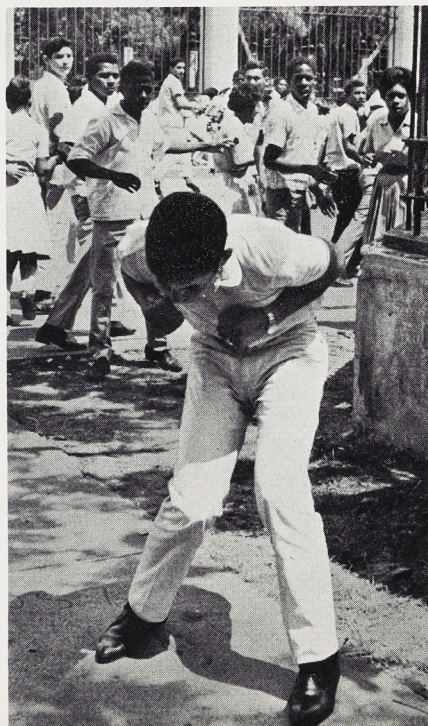
But this happy situation all ended with the great victory in 1945. Since then there have been 79 events involving guns, soldiers and casualties which have had international implications. They aren't called wars. They are called revolts, coups d'état, hostilities, presences, police actions, riots, interventions, rebellions. However, if you cover them, it's surprising how much they resemble war.

These limited conflicts or incidents involving the organized employment of military force have happened in China, Malaya, Paraguay, Madagascar, Kashmir, Israel, Berlin, Bolivia, the Formosa Straits, Korea, Tibet, Kenya, China, Malaya, Paraguay, Madagascar, Kashmir, Israel, Berlin, Bolivia, Tunisia, the frontier of Oman, East Germany, South Vietnam, Cyprus, Laos, Morocco, the Aden frontier, Poland, Sinai, Hungary, Suez, Algeria, Cameroons, Syria, Cuba, Iraq, Lebanon, Jordan, Congo, Angola, Ethiopia, Somalia, Kuwait, Goa, Yemen, Argentina, Venezuela, Malaysia, Haiti, Thailand, Panama, Zanzibar, Tanzania, Uganda, Dominican Republic, Pakistan, India, Nigeria and so on—often more than once in the same place. At this moment nearly 25 million men are under arms. It could be argued that World War III is occurring now and we don't know it.

The assortment of problems of covering these warlike events for television is wide and puzzling. In undeclared wars in which the U.S. participates, contradictions and confusions are particularly evident. One

dripping hot morning in August 1964, for instance, U.S. Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor filmed an interview with me in Saigon for the documentary *Vietnam: It's a Mad War*. This was shortly before the bombing of North Vietnamese ships in the Gulf of Tonkin by U.S. Navy jets. In the interview Ambassador Taylor said Vietnam was not "a situation that can

*Dominican demonstrator crumples, fatally wounded victim of one of the more perplexing recent little wars.*



be solved by more divisions of United States forces or by nuclear weapons or by bombers."

Another U.S. official said he viewed the whole situation with "optimistic pessimism." A battle-weary Special Forces officer in the Mekong Delta said, "Hell, all this is a war looking for a reason. We're here by mistake and have got to make it stick. I guess we're hoping two wrongs will make a right."

One of my more cynical colleagues assessed the entire world turmoil this way: "One gets the feeling that U.S. policy boils down simply to this: Be free or we'll kill you. The Communists conversely say: Be free and we'll kill you."

The business of inflicting democracy on a country often creates head-on collisions between policy statements and facts. This is very troubling if you are a reporter. If you report only what the policy spokesmen say we are doing, you are a lousy reporter. If you report what in fact is going on, you are apt to be considered a "lousy American."

This is particularly true of CIA military operations. Whether in the Congo, Guatemala, Laos or Thailand, CIA operations are supposed to be overlooked. At times this is difficult because the CIA is in the middle of, as well as behind, the fight. Almost everyone knows this, except Americans at home.

Last spring I produced a one-hour report about the CIA. It was called "The Science of Spying" and in its own small way created a furor that demonstrated the wide base of conscience and concern about our clandestine wars. The purpose of the program was to illustrate and examine how and why the CIA is carrying on undeclared wars and to make pub-



lic some of the debate about the effectiveness of these operations. There is no doubt that the United States, as well as the Communists, have overthrown governments they dislike. The CIA feels that such actions are essential if our "democracy" is to survive. Certain members of Congress feel that they are not essential and are, in fact, inimical to democracy. The American public has little opinion because generally it knows nothing about these activities.

There was some question whether these issues should be debated and discussed publicly. The day before the program was to go on the air, the sponsors pulled out their advertising. They cited several reasons. The most pertinent of them was: "The telecast treats a controversial subject in a way which may do harm to the government of the United States with no assurance that the government of the United States has been consulted with respect to the contents of the program."

The program went on anyway and brought angry mail and telegrams. Typical was this telegram: "You are not helping the millions who would like to support their country, express their patriotism—in short, to be good Americans. The nation needs instructive leadership, not destructive criticism. You as a formulator of public opinion, and having a responsibility to the public, should exercise greater discretion than displayed in tonight's program." Columnist David Lawrence editorialized that the program was a disservice to the CIA: "The duty of the press, including television and radio, is to cooperate with their own government in withholding information concerning the activities of any governmental agency which is engaged in secret operations to protect

the American people against sudden attack."

I was told by a government official that the State Department tried to prevent the program's being shown in Europe.

The entire reaction was surprising to me. Our principal source of information on the program had been the CIA itself, and the principal spokesmen were former CIA operatives. The principal example of a CIA war was one the Agency claimed to have been their greatest success and urged us to illustrate: the CIA-supported military overthrow of the left wing government of Guatemala under Col. Jacobo Arbenz in 1954.

The elaborate irony of it all is that inside the marble entrance of the CIA building in McLean, Va., chiseled in letters nearly a yard high, is the inscription: "And The Truth Shall Make You Free."

From the government's point of view, managing the press is, of course, essential. But sometimes its management is heavy-handed. For instance, on my return from those first hectic and bloody weeks in Santo Domingo a "mysterious report" was issued by our government that I had "staged" shots and situations in Santo Domingo in order to compromise our government's position for the show *Santo Domingo: War Among Friends*.

Apart from minor technicalities there's the added problem of televising such wars—or whatever they're called. A newspaper reporter can write that 12 U.S. paratroopers were shot in Santo Domingo. A television reporter doing his job properly is required to show 12 U.S. paratroopers being killed. The fact that the camera has to witness action tends to make coverage of even small engagements rather lively.

Unlike word reporting, where fragments can be pieced together and later composed into a piece, we must try to organize and compose on the spot, particularly in a combat situation where things happen only once and can't be reconstructed.

Despite the demands these undeclared wars place on TV reporters, they do have their beauty—that of total disorganization. When they aren't too bloody, they are quite funny. They are Marx Brothers wars, without rule or protocol.

In Peru the junta released us from prison on the merit of an American Express credit card. In the Congo the Stanleyville Marching Band played for rebels or government forces, whichever happened to be occupying the city.

Although I've been shot at and shaken a good deal in the last four years, I didn't encounter stark terror until I went to the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Having driven 250 kilometers through rebel-held country in a yellow Mercedes Benz, complete with a liveried chauffeur who only spoke Lingala, we at last arrived at Lake Albert and comparative safety. Speeding across the wide lake plain, we suddenly were stopped and challenged by a large hippopotamus. The tommyguns we carried in case of rebel ambush diminished to the size of F. A. O. Schwarz popguns.

For an hour in the murderous heat he watched us. It became an absurd nightmare. What a hell of a way, I thought, to die—scared to death by a hippo while covering an undeclared war. "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps for he is the only animal that is struck by the difference between what things are and what they ought to be." (William Hazlitt)



# OPC AWARDS 1966

## CLASS

- 1** Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad.
- 2** Best daily newspaper or wire service photographic reporting from abroad.
- 3** Best television reporting from abroad.
- 4** Best radio reporting from abroad.
- 5** Best magazine reporting from abroad.
- 6** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, daily newspaper or wire service.
- 7A** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, radio.
- 7B** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, television.
- 8** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, magazines.
- 9** Best book on foreign affairs.
- 10** Vision Award in Memory of Ed Stout for best article or report on Latin America (any medium).
- 11** E. W. Fairchild Award for best business news reporting from abroad (any medium).
- 12** Robert Capa Award for superlative photography, still or motion, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.
- 13** George Polk Memorial Award for best reporting (any medium) requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.



**BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE  
SERVICE REPORTING FROM  
ABROAD...RICHARD CRITCHFIELD**

● Richard Critchfield, the Washington *Star's* Asia correspondent, was assigned to tell his paper's readers what the war in Vietnam is all about and what it's like to fight in it. He succeeded so well that the OPC selected his work for the top prize in this category.

The judges said he gave the "all-around picture"—no small performance. He did it by going where the bullets were. One of his series, on Vietnamese refugees, led to a greatly stepped-up effort by U.S. church, private and government groups to help these people.

No latecomer to Asia, Critchfield was an Army sergeant in Korea in 1954, later toured Southeast Asia and wrote articles for *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The New York Times Magazine* and others.

**CITATION:**

The judges selected Stuart Loory of *The New York Herald Tribune* for a series on the Trans-Siberian railroad. His series, the judges said, "gives an idea of the forces at work in that part of the world and provides glimpses of the struggle that lies ahead along the Siberian-Chinese border."



**BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER  
OR WIRE SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIC  
REPORTING FROM ABROAD  
...KYOICHI SAWADA**

● Kyoichi Sawada of United Press International went to Vietnam on his vacation last year and stayed to cover a war. His picture showing a Vietnamese family wading across a river to safety won the top prize in the annual World Press Photo Exhibition at The Hague. The same picture and his other coverage in Vietnam have been selected for an OPC award.

Sawada, 29, was born in Aomori City, Japan. He joined UPI's Tokyo bureau in 1960.

**CITATION:**

AP's James Bourdier was picked by the judges for his coverage in the Dominican Republic. The same work won him a Capa Award citation.





**BEST TELEVISION REPORTING  
FROM ABROAD  
...MORLEY SAFER**

● Morley Safer of CBS News has the good reporter's good habit of turning up where the trouble is. He was the only Western correspondent in East Berlin, for example, on the night the Communists started building The Wall. He is now with the London Bureau of CBS News, but he was in South Vietnam last year and his "alert and responsible coverage" there earned him an OPC award.

The judges cited two examples of his work as outstanding—"The Helicopter and the Dying Soldier" and "The Burning of Cam Ne Village." The coverage, they said, "adhered to the best traditions of journalistic generations past."

Safer, a 34-year-old Canadian, has been with CBS News since April, 1964, going from London to Vietnam to London, with waystops in West Germany, the Congo, Cyprus and elsewhere. More recently, he reported from Accra, Ghana, during the change in government there.

A graduate of the University of Western Ontario, he worked in Canada for a year as a newspaper reporter, won a grant to study in England and became a reporter for the *Oxford Mail and Times*. From 1955 to 1964 he was with Reuters and Canadian Broadcasting Corp.



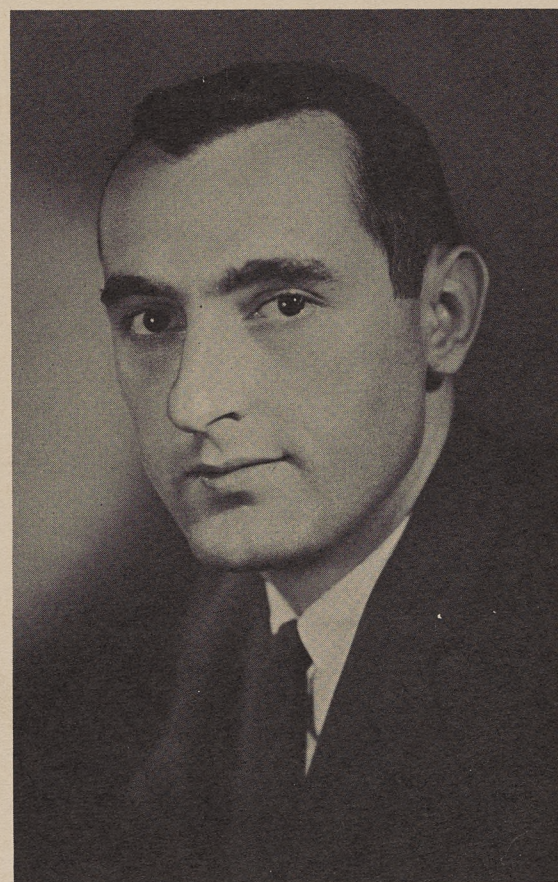
**BEST RADIO REPORTING  
FROM ABROAD  
...RICHARD VALERIANI**

● Richard Valeriani of NBC News has been covering Latin America for 10 years, so he had the background to bring clarity out of the confusion of the Dominican Republic's civil war last year. He also had the skill and the courage, covering the war between crossfires. The OPC selected his "accurate and exciting coverage . . . for exhibiting the highest standards of journalistic skill and dedication."

Valeriani is a former Associated Press reporter. He joined NBC in 1961. He has covered the Bay of Pigs, the civil rights story in the South and anti-American rioting in Panama in 1964.

**CITATION:**

John Laurence of CBS News was chosen for his reporting from Vietnam, especially for his dramatic report on the evacuation of U.S. soldiers from a Special Forces camp near Plei Me. As he described the action, the sounds of enemy groundfire and strafing jet fighters could be heard. The judges felt Laurence "awakened the listener's awareness to the dangers and human suffering and courage" of the war in Vietnam.





**BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING  
FROM ABROAD  
...MICHAEL MOK AND  
PAUL SCHUTZER**

● Michael Mok, associate editor of *Life*, and Paul Schutzer, photographer, won the award in this category for a joint effort that the judges felt could not be divided. Mok provided the words and Schutzer the pictures for "In They Go to the Reality of War," a story on Vietnam. In the opinion of the judges, the story showed American soldiers "somehow retaining their humanity while engaged in mankind's most inhumane activity—war."

Mok, a New Yorker, is a former New York *Daily News* reporter and rewriter. He joined *Life* in 1964.

Schutzer, Brooklyn-born, did free-lance photography before joining *Life*'s Washington bureau in 1956. In 1959 he won seven major U.S. awards for his pictures.

**CITATION:**

In an unusual departure the judges awarded a twin citation to *The Reporter* publisher-editor Max Ascoli and his staff—for magazine reporting and magazine interpretation from abroad. The judges applauded *The Reporter*'s "consistently high level" of work.



**BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN  
AFFAIRS, DAILY NEWSPAPER  
OR WIRE SERVICE ... JACK FOISIE**

● Jack Foisie, 46-year-old chief of the Los Angeles *Times* bureau in Vietnam, is on his third war. He was an Army combat correspondent in World War II and a civilian correspondent in Korea.

The judges unanimously selected him to receive an OPC award "for his distinguished interpretation of Vietnamese developments." Aiming to present the whole difficult story, Foisie not only has covered the combat but also has probed deeply into the strategic and diplomatic aspects of U.S. involvement.

He has been in Vietnam since October, 1964, will move later this year to another overseas assignment, where his family will join him.

**CITATION:**

The judges also were unanimous in awarding a citation to *The Wall Street Journal* "for its work in the field of interpretation of foreign affairs . . . superior to that of any other publication represented in the entries." While citing the *Journal* for its "overall effort," the judges also felt a special mention should go to Philip Geylin, foreign affairs commentator for the *Journal*.





**BEST INTERPRETATION OF  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS, RADIO  
...EDWARD P. MORGAN**

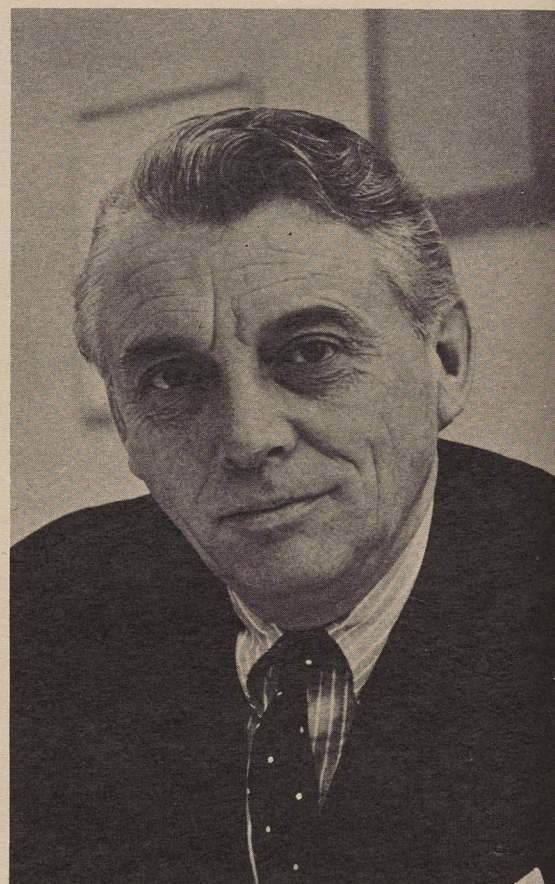
● Edward P. Morgan of ABC Radio has been scoring beats for such a long time that it should have surprised no one when he began doing the first nightly U.S. radio program from behind the Iron Curtain last year.

The OPC judges weren't surprised, but they were impressed enough to honor Morgan. His series ran every night for three weeks, originating from a half dozen Communist capitals in Eastern Europe. The Communist broadcasting officials and technicians were somewhat taken aback, but somehow the programs went off without a hitch.

In 34 years of covering war and peace, Morgan has been a prize winner often (his credits include the Polk, duPont, University of Missouri, Headliner, Hillman and Peabody awards).

Probably his first world beat was his report of Trotsky's assassination. Only last summer he was early reporting the escalation in Vietnam—with accuracy.

Morgan is in his 11th year on ABC Radio and for 11 years his sponsor has been the same—AFL-CIO. The sponsor sometimes has to do some teeth-gritting.



**BEST INTERPRETATION OF  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TELEVISION  
...FRED FREED**

● Fred Freed, producer of the NBC News "White Paper" series, broke new ground in broadcast journalism with "American White Paper: United States Foreign Policy." It was the first time a television network turned over an entire evening of prime time (3½ hours) to a planned news special. Some 21 million saw the program, an intensive study of U.S. involvement in world affairs. The judges decided that Freed achieved his objective—"to furnish viewers with the broad perspective and factual background about this country's current role abroad."

Freed is a Princeton graduate and a Navy veteran. A former magazine editor and writer, he entered broadcasting in 1949 and immediately began winning awards.

**CITATION:**

Six-time OPC award winner Howard K. Smith of ABC News has been honored again, this time "for his penetrating and lucid television commentaries on news from abroad." The judges remarked on his ability "to clarify (the) major issues and . . . confusions" in the news. "We honor his unique position in journalism . . .," they said.





**BEST INTERPRETATION OF  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS, MAGAZINES  
...A. M. ROSENTHAL**

● A. M. Rosenthal, the metropolitan editor of *The New York Times*, collects awards the way some people collect butterflies or stamps. The most distinguished of his journalistic souvenirs is a 1960 Pulitzer Prize, but there have been many more, including the Polk Award, the Page One Award of the New York Newspaper Guild and an OPC award.

Now the OPC has honored him again—for a dual entry, “The Taste of Life in Hiroshima Now” and “Forgive Them Not, for They Knew What They Did.” Both appeared in the *The New York Times Magazine*. The first looked at Hiroshima 20 years after the bombing; the second marked the 25th anniversary of the creation of the Warsaw Ghetto.

“Both articles,” the judges said, “opened a long-closed window to let in as if a chill wind the memory of man’s inhumanity to man.”

Rosenthal, 43, became *The Times*’ metropolitan editor in 1963. Before that he covered the UN, India, Pakistan, Eastern Europe, Geneva and the Far East.

He won his Pulitzer Prize six months after he was expelled from Poland for “probing reporting.” Somehow, between his editorial functions, he finds time to turn out magazine articles and books.



**BEST BOOK ON  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS  
...ROBERT SHAPLEN**

● Robert Shaplen has been covering the Far East off and on for more than 20 years. He went to the Pacific in 1943 as a war correspondent for *Newsweek*, later headed the magazine’s Far East bureau. More recently he has covered the area for *The New Yorker*.

Out of this background came *The Lost Revolution* (Harper & Row), the OPC’s selection as 1965’s best book on foreign affairs. The judges called it “a definitive exposition of neglected opportunities and challenges in Vietnam” and “a synthesis of book journalism at its best.”

Shaplen, a *New Yorker*, holds degrees from the University of Wisconsin and Columbia University and was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. He and his family live in Hong Kong.

**CITATION:**

*Floodtide in Europe* (Putnam) is Don Cook’s first book, but the judges felt it was “in the great reportorial tradition of William Shirer and John Gunther . . . a major contribution to the history of international journalism.” Cook is the *New York Herald Tribune*’s chief European correspondent.





**VISION INC. AWARD IN MEMORY  
OF ED STOUT FOR BEST ARTICLE OR  
REPORT ON LATIN AMERICA  
(ANY MEDIUM)...TED YATES AND CREW**

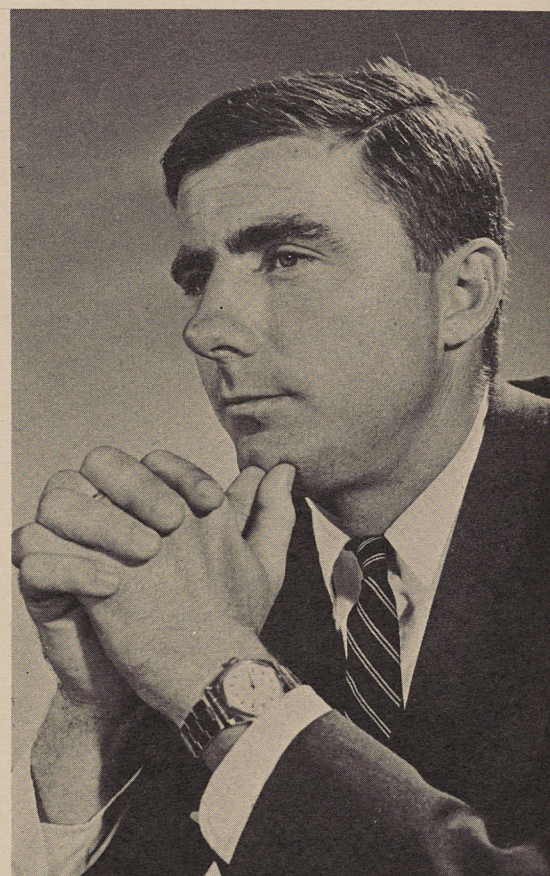
● Producer-director Ted Yates and his NBC News crew shot "Santo Domingo: War Among Friends" while they were being shot at by friends on both sides. Said the judges: "The sights and sounds of the turbulent military and political action demonstrated extraordinary courage and craftsmanship under the most difficult, hazardous conditions."

Dexter Alley and Richard Norling were Yates' cameramen, Al Hoagland was his soundman and Bob Rogers wrote the script. Wilson Hall narrated "Santo Domingo." The OPC judges rated the work "in the finest traditions" of the Stout award, which includes \$500.

Yates, a Marine combat correspondent in Korea, has been with NBC since 1961 and has been honored before—for "David Brinkley's Journal" and for a special on Vietnam. In 1957 he won an Emmy.

**CITATION:**

Tad Szulc of the *New York Times* and other outlets was selected by the judges for the general excellence of his reports on the Dominican Republic crisis—in the *Times*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and his book, *Dominican Diary*.



**E. W. FAIRCHILD AWARD FOR BEST  
BUSINESS NEWS REPORTING  
FROM ABROAD (ANY MEDIUM)  
... BERNARD D. NOSSITER**

● Bernard D. Nossiter, European economics correspondent of the *Washington Post* foreign service, covers a commuting beat between West European capitals. His at-the-source writing on international monetary developments so impressed the OPC judges that they selected him for the \$500 Fairchild Award. They credited him with "consistent excellence."

It is not the first time he has been so recognized. John Kenneth Galbraith called him "one of the country's most influential economics reporters." Nossiter's book, *The Mythmakers: An Essay on Power & Wealth*, won a Sidney Hillman Foundation prize in 1965.

His background includes degrees from Dartmouth and Harvard and a Nieman Fellowship.

**CITATION:**

Ray Vicker, *The Wall Street Journal's* news editor in charge of European coverage, won the judges' nod for covering business "in depth, detail and human terms." He has been reporting business news since 1946 and has been a *Journal* news editor since 1958.





**ROBERT CAPA AWARD FOR  
SUPERLATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, STILL  
OR MOTION, REQUIRING EXCEPTIONAL  
COURAGE AND ENTERPRISE  
ABROAD... LARRY BURROWS**

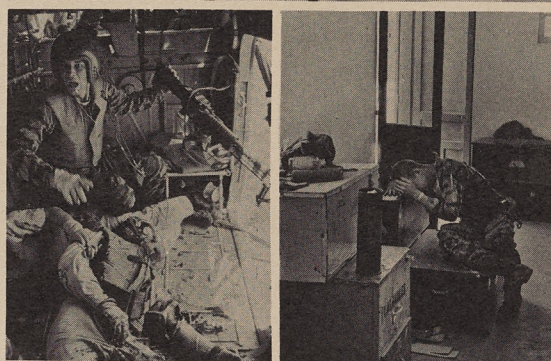
● Larry Burrows of *Life* magazine has been selected for the Capa Award for the second time, a testimony to his courage and ability. "With a Brave Crew in a Deadly Flight" appeared in the April 16, 1965, issue of *Life*. "His photographs, taken on board a helicopter over Vietnam, are excellent," the judges said, "his followup of the story on the ground is skillful and journalistically superior and his 'exceptional courage' is amply evident."

Burrows, an Englishman, worked for Keystone Photo Agency and the London *Daily Express* before he joined *Life* in 1961.

He has covered violence in Cyprus, the Congo, China-India and elsewhere. A *Life* teammate once said, "Larry is either the bravest man I ever knew—or the most nearsighted."

**CITATION:**

James A. Bourdier of The Associated Press is a competent writer, but he prefers photography. Not wishing to argue the point, the judges selected his camera work in the Dominican Republic for a Capa Award citation.



**GEORGE POLK MEMORIAL AWARD FOR  
BEST REPORTING, ANY MEDIUM,  
REQUIRING EXCEPTIONAL COURAGE  
AND ENTERPRISE ABROAD  
...MORLEY SAFER AND CREWS**

● Morley Safer and two teams of CBS camera and soundmen were the judges' unanimous choices for the Polk Award and the \$500 that goes with it. Two "masterly films" were the convincing entries.

In "The Burning of the Village of Cam Ne," Safer, photographer Ha Thuc Can and soundman Tran Huu Thien brought the unpleasantness of Vietnam into the living room with stark reality.

"It is not a pretty picture," the judges said, "but this is war and the American public has a right to know the facts of life in wartime." The film showed a Marine setting fire to one of the huts where Viet Cong snipers were thought to be hiding. It turned out to be a controversial piece of journalism.

While getting "The Helicopter and the Dying Soldier," Safer, photographer James Wilson and soundman Bob Funk flew into an area where American troops had been ambushed and were shot down themselves.

Together the films "throw a revealing light on the grim tragedies of the war in Vietnam," the judges said.







### **SPECIAL AWARD... DAVID SARNOFF**

● One of David Sarnoff's earliest jobs was as a wireless operator for Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America, but even before that he was in the communications business. The immigrant boy from Russia sold newspapers on New York's Lower East Side.

He is still in the communications business, of course, as chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, a prophet with honor in the electronic industry. Now the OPC has joined those who have honored his contributions.

Appropriately, his award trophy will be a telegrapher's bug, silver-plated and mounted on a teakwood base, suitably inscribed.

A pioneer in radio and television, Brig. Gen. Sarnoff has been responsible in large measure for many of the major developments that have put the world in every man's living room. In 1916, for example, he proposed home radio when wireless was only a vehicle for sending messages. He spearheaded the development of black-and-white television, followed by color TV.

### **SPECIAL COMMENDATION... NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION**

● The awards judges thought National Educational Television's study of India's population problem deserved commendation in a category all its own. "India—Writings on the Sand" was a one-hour color film, produced by David Hardy, filmed by David Westphal and narrated by Robert Ryan. Charles Vaughan was executive producer.

"The filmed report," the judges said, "represents the highest standard of broadcast journalism, imparting to the American public an incisive study of India's accelerating birth rate and government efforts to control the population increase." The judges called it "an impressive and frank comment on one of the pressing problems of our time."



### **SPECIAL MENTION... DICKEY CHAPELLE**

● Dickey Chapelle followed the gunfire—from the South Pacific to Korea to Hungary to Kashmir to Cuba to Algeria to the Dominican Republic and to Vietnam. Where there was a war, you would find Dickey, her camera and her notebook.

Vietnam was her last war. She was on her fifth assignment there last November when, advancing with a Marine company, she tripped over a Viet Cong boobytrap. The explosion killed her almost instantly.

"Rarely have daring, integrity, efficiency and human warmth been as perfectly matched as in our friend and colleague, Dickey Chapelle," the judges said. "She deserves a separate tribute all her own."

As a photographer-correspondent, she had covered an assortment of wars for an assortment of publications (*Reader's Digest*, *Life*, *National Geographic*, *National Observer*, etc.) without asking for special treatment. "You couldn't tell her from one of the troops," a Marine said. She would have appreciated the testimonial.





## IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

That's what they asked the Wright Brothers, too. Only in those days they said, "If man were meant to fly, God would have given him wings." It amounts to the same thing. No one guessed that the airplane would contribute a lot more to our lives than just faster transportation. That it would spur developments in every field of science. Many things we take for granted grew out of the needs of modern flight. Things like aluminum for bridges, cars and wrapping foil. Better and smaller radios and TV sets. Energy cells. A lot of the scientific know-how which made this nation strong would have been a long time coming, if it hadn't been for the airplane. At the same time, our understanding of man's physical capabilities has increased, too—with a corresponding growth in our understanding of the human mechanism. So getting to the moon is more than a mat-

ter of national pride. It's a question of staying ahead in technology. If we don't, we can't hope to remain a world power. Our efforts to land a man on the moon will result in new discoveries. Just as the airplane hatched better ways to do things. Scientists call it technological fallout. That's good fallout. The kind of fallout that will fire up our economy, provide new industries, new jobs, and new ways to make the earth a better place to live. Grumman is designing and building the Lunar Excursion Module. We're proud to do our part in helping to land U.S. astronauts on the moon. When they do land, it will be proof of this nation's continuing leadership in science and technology. And these developments will be available to assist our defense capability. Remember that, the next time somebody asks if the trip is necessary.



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# WHAT DID YOU SAY, MR. HALBERSTAM?

BY DAVID HALBERSTAM  
NEW YORK TIMES, PARIS

David Halberstam was asked to report on the difficulties of being a correspondent covering political wars. He was found by accident on a small street in Paris, where, wearing a coat and tie, he was not immediately recognized. Indeed, because of his surly manner he was at first mistaken for an official of the French government. Mr. Halberstam had come to Paris following a misunderstanding with the government of People's Poland. The interview went slowly at first, since Mr. Halberstam thought that when the interviewer posed questions about war, he meant the cold war, and by his critics, meant the government of People's Poland. But after some minor disagreements this

CONTINUED

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don, Eng., HYDe Park 8888—Tokyo, Japan, 581-4567—Hong Kong, 23-311—Zurich, Switzerland, 26-67-85—Geneva, Switzerland, 31-90-00—Paris, France, 225-0706—Frankfurt, Germany, 284745.

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Conrad N. Hilton, Chairman





#### HALBERSTAM CONTINUED

was straightened out.

An expurgated version of the interview follows:

Q. Our subject this year is covering wars, and in particular with you we would like to know about covering political wars. These wars are different from those in the past. Can you tell us for instance what the most important thing a correspondent in the field needs covering a political war?

A. A tough publisher.

Q. What about the correspondent himself? Should he have a tough hide? Do you, for instance, have a tough hide?

A. I think that question is a per-

sonal attack, and I'm offended. I take it as a reflection on myself and all correspondents in Vietnam.

Q. Well, now, Mr. Halberstam, as you know this article is for our awards dinner so I wondered if you would tell us if you felt slighted about the prizes: The Pentagon Friend of the Establishment Prize and the Bao Dai New Asia Prize.

A. They're all very political. One becomes accustomed to disappointment. The bitterness is all gone.

Q. But it is a fact, though, that Herman Spoogle with his 15-part series, "The Boys Will Be Home Before Christmas," won all the prizes.

A. Spoogle had the most original



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ideas.

Q. But let's get on with the interview. Now there were a number of charges against you and some of the other reporters. For example, you were charged with puritanism. Do you think that's valid?

A. Yes, I suppose so.

Q. Now many of you were also charged with — well, it's a delicate subject, but I think the phrase would have to be "loose morality," having liaisons with native women. Is that true?

A. I think so.

Q. Now the reporters were also

CONTINUED



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charged with inaccurate coverage because of excessive competitiveness, rushing into print with unverified stories instead of sitting back and reflecting.

A. Absolutely.

Q. I think you are also charged with working too closely together and deciding on a unit policy.

A. The idea had come originally from Madame Nhu, who said she picked it up from the Communists, but I don't think it worked out properly.

Q. Now one of the many books on Vietnam says that the trouble with the reporting was not accuracy, indeed that it was quite accurate, but that the reporters were humorless and took it all too seriously.

A. I think it's true. I think we

missed much of the inherent humor of the situation. It's only after you leave that you realize how many laughs there were.

Q. Now you were also charged during this time with being preoccupied with smaller incidents and not seeing what is called the big picture. Do you think this is valid?

A. Yes. Mert Perry, who was with one of the newsmagazines in those days, was particularly worried about this, and so he spent a lot of time working on it, really quite a concerted effort, to get hold of the big picture, and he filed it to his people. But they used it in the art section of the magazine, and so he became discouraged.

Q. Now you yourself, I believe, wrote one of those interminable books

about Vietnam.

A. \$5.95.

Q. The sales?

A. It was written for reporters, and none of them spend \$5.95 on a book.

Q. Now what about the reviews?

A. It was praised as significant by insignificant people and attacked as insignificant by the significant. I had one chance for a best-seller, because it was attacked by Staughton Lynd. But this was a year before he became famous, and my publishing house, Random, was unable to exploit the quote. I've written to them protesting, suggesting they bring it out in paperback with the quotation on the cover, "Burchett's book is better," or something like that.

Q. Thank you.

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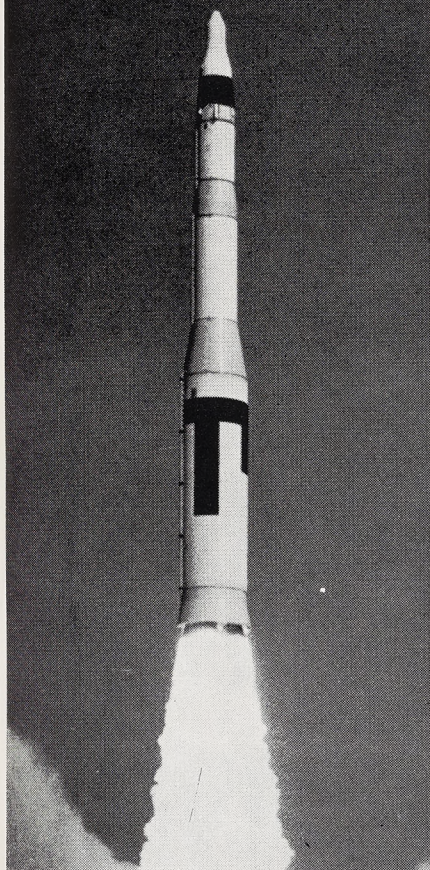
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## BULLETIN FROM BOEING



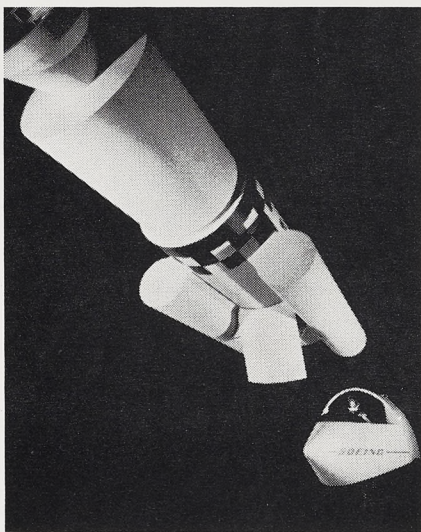
**MINUTEMAN** is the U.S. Air Force's solid-fuel ICBM. Compact, quick-firing Minuteman missiles are stored in blast-resistant underground silos ready for launching. Boeing is weapon system integrator, responsible for missile assembly, test, launch control, ground support, and weapon system assembly at launch sites.



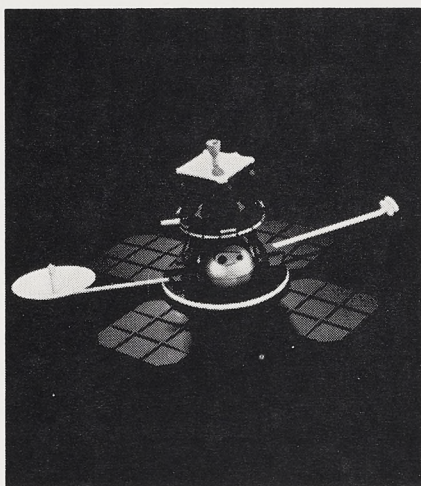
**TWIN TURBINE** Boeing/Vertol helicopters are in service with U.S. Army, Marine Corps and Navy. Sea Knight assault helicopter (top), can carry up to 25 fully equipped combat troops. Chinook (bottom), deployed to Viet Nam with 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), is U.S. Army's standard medium assault helicopter.



**NEW 737** is smallest Boeing jetliner, yet has cabin as wide and roomy as biggest Boeing Intercontinental. The 737 will operate with ease from smaller airports, carry up to 113 passengers at 580 mph. 737s have already been ordered by Braathens (Norway), Irish, Lufthansa, Mexicana, Northern Consolidated, Pacific, Piedmont, United, Western, Wien Air Alaska.

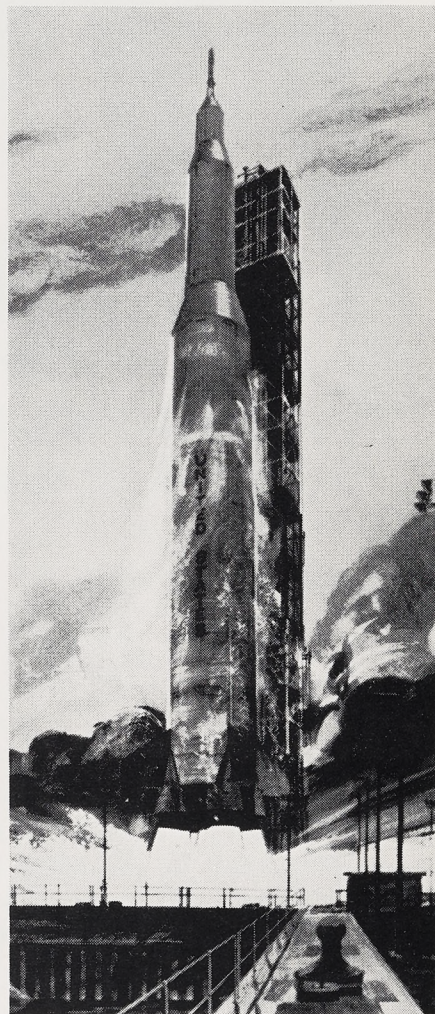


**SPACE RESEARCH** at Boeing covers wide spectrum of activities, from space environment simulation, space medicine and life support systems to orbital vehicles. Picture shows space rendezvous and docking simulator in new Boeing Space Center. Lunar landings, launches and re-entries are also simulated in Center.



**LUNAR ORBITER** is camera-carrying spacecraft which NASA will launch into lunar orbit this year. Boeing-built Orbiter will photograph and transmit to earth pictures of large areas of moon to help select landing spot for astronauts.

# BOEING



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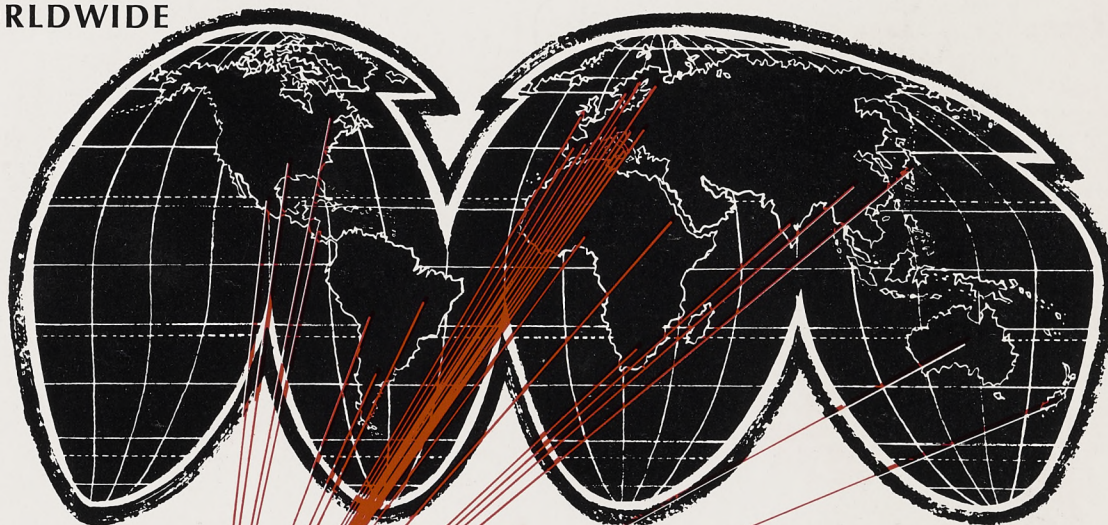
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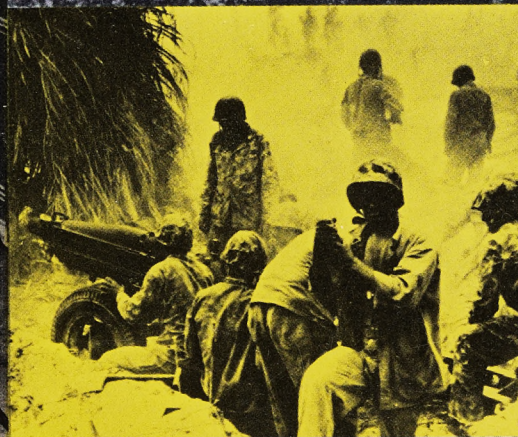
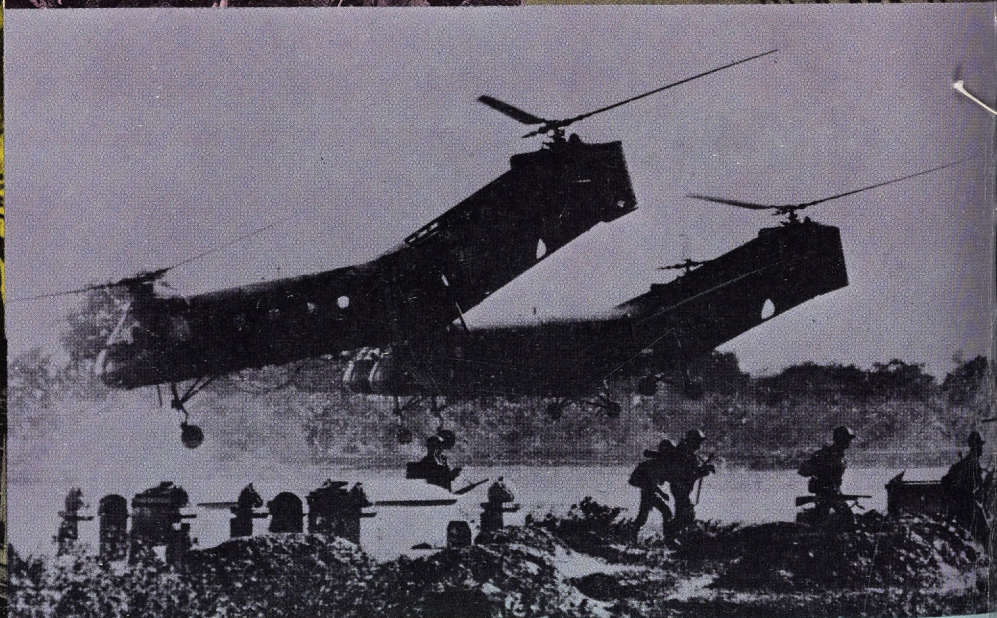
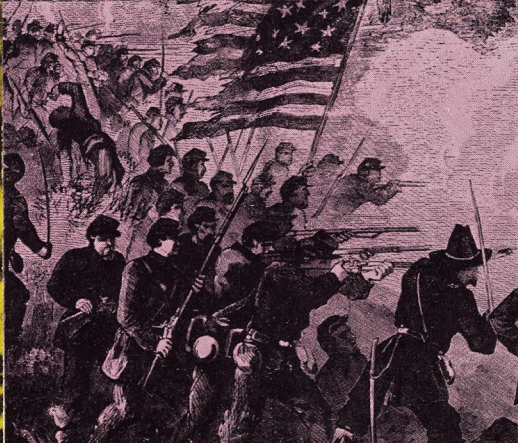
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